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Ben Lorman

The Friendship of Art

By

Bliss Carman

Author of "The Kinship of Nature," "The Poet of Psyche," "Low Tide on Grand Pré," "Songs from Vagabondia," etc.



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BOSTON *PUBLISHERS*

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Published August, 1904

Third Impression, July, 1908

COLONIAL PRESS
Electrotyped and Printed by C. H. Simonds & Co.
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.



To "Moonshine"

THERE is a delightful Oriental superstition, my dear "Moonshine," which declares that on the last day every artist will be called upon to endow each of his creations with a soul. I should be the last one to feel perfect confidence in denying the possibility of such a fancy, or in affirming that only living beings can have real personality. I prefer to believe with the Greeks that every stream and tree has its own indwelling divinity, a spiritual as well as a material identity, bestowed upon it by the Creator to be the informing principle of its growth and beauty. Why, then, may we not think that the creative work of men's hands is imbued with a similar essence, — that every abode, like every shrine, is pervaded by its distinct and individual tutelary presence?

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To "Moonshine"

At the very writing of your name in the inditing of this dedication, you seem something more than a mere house of wood in the green forest. I seem to myself to be addressing a beloved friend, sure of a sympathetic hearing and an appreciative understanding of my fanciful enthusiasm such as are not always accorded us by our fellow mortals. How shall I account for this magical delusion?

What loving heart first dreamed you,— what mastery made the dream come true? No mere fortuitous industry, I am sure, could have created your sightly structure of wood and nails, mortar and bricks and coloured stain. For beauty is never an accident, nor charm and loveliness the results of reckless chance. Every sill and rafter, every board and beam in your roof and walls, had brave life through long years of sun and rain, of winds and frost upon the mountainside, before it was chosen by destiny for a place in your builded beauty. And now, as you stand in your serene silence, I doubt not, all the

strength of mounting sap and maturing sun that went into the growth of your fibre and grain persists and prevails to lend you fragrance and endurance still.

But whence came to you the supreme gift of personality? What benign power wrought you into such friendliness of shape and hue? What inspiration devised your restful tints and generous mould? By what conjury arose your serviceable spaciousness with its dignified repose; and how came you to be blessed with that rare additional quality which few habitations can boast, a quality akin to human temperament, an atmosphere and distinction all your own? Surely at the prompting of happy and unselfish impulses you must have been designed, a place of rest for the friend, and inspiration even for the stranger! And when at last your latch-string was hung out, and the fire of hospitality lighted upon your ample hearth, what alluring spirit of welcome radiated from your open door, impalpably as the moonshine for which you were named.

In summer you are never closed, but the sweet air of the hills blows balmily through your quiet seclusion all day long, whispering its enchantments of peace; while at dusk, from your deep verandas, dreamful watchers behold the great frail rose-gold moon appear at the end of the Kaaterskill clove and pour its calm splendour along the purple mountains.

In the long months of snow, when your windows are secured against the tempest, and your dwellers have migrated to their winter's work, what reveries must be yours! You must see again in remembrance the faces that have thronged about your board and fire. In your rooftree must lurk reverberations of laughter, reëchoes of song, and the lovely strains of imperishable music. The pine of your floor must be tempered and mellowed by the rhythm of many feet that have trodden it in masque and merrymaking, in festivity, and in the daily course of kindly life. Shall you not for ever recall one memorable twilight,

when an enraptured player at the piano, rendering and improvising as only a great artist can, filled you with golden harmonies, as if your solemn mountain walls and streams had at last found interpretation and voice, while his hearers sat enthralled under the wizardries of sound? Shall you not always remember the suppers at the green table, when night was near its meridian, when the company lingered over their glasses, with toasts and tales and mirth and toasts again and more unextinguishable mirth, until at last lanterns were lit, and in twos and threes the merrymakers took their way through the silent forest to their lighted cabins among the hemlock shadows? Can you forget a famous cakewalk, when seventy couples assembled, marshalled by the very Muse of Comedy herself, garbed like a happy Hottentot, conducting, with unsurpassed spirit and gaiety through the ceremonious Rite of the Cake, a tatterdemalion gang of gaudy disguised revellers, hilariously competing for the coveted prize;

and the judges, — a row of gray-haired dignitaries sitting aloft in Rembrandt relief behind gallery rail and candlelight, while the motley swirl danced to a finish before them!

In contrast to this scene, you surely remember certain afternoon gatherings of a sober sort, when luminous discussions were held of art or philosophy or other high theme, and were gaily prolonged over tea and cigarettes. You must ever fondly treasure the memory of many mornings filled with the sound of immortal poetry, — the frailties of Fra Lippo Lippi, the stirring Song of the Banjo, the lofty Masque of Taliesen, the terrible Ballad of Reading Gaol, or the moving tragedy of Sohrab and Rustum, read as poetry is rarely heard nowadays. As a crowning joy of recollection, do you not often live over that evening when poetry was illustrated with *tableaux vivants,* — incomparable pictures of Keats's Meg Merrilies, fantastically tall and wise as she leaned upon her stick; of Browning's Contemporary, keen of nose yet kind

of eye, in peaked hat and wide ruff, with dog at heels; and of Malyn of the Mountains, a radiant young reality more lovely than the poet's fancy!

In these solitary winter watches, too, I dare say you recherish your various comforts and treasures, and recall the friend associated with each of them, though some of your intimates have journeyed to the other side of the world, and some have gone beyond. There stands the chair of the Princely Friend, who chose it because it invited him to throw his leg over the arm as he smoked; this one is the gift of the most democratic of aristocrats, the Gentlest of Radicals. In that cushioned seat by the fire a dear Grandmother used to doze and dream, or, with unquenchable spirit in her sparkling eye, tell endless stories to the insatiable children in her lap. Here is the chamber reserved for a certain vagabond; that is the corner dedicated to another. On this convenient balcony overhanging the ravine the magician of all your luxuries, alert

for fresh adventure, expects one day to alight from his private air-ship. From yon cosy nook behind the door, the Judge ever cheerily invites his friends to "live long and prosper." While from the playroom overhead a baby voice is heard passing sentence on an offending tin soldier: "You stole three pigs and a hundred cannons, and you'll have to stay in prison all your life!" So your guest-rooms and galleries ever throng with happy presences, once made welcome, never to be dispossessed.

O unforgettable "Moonshine," this book is like yourself, made of different elements, divers thoughts and moods and fancies. Many of its essays were written within your shade, and but for the leisure and inspiration you afforded could never have been written at all. I beg you, therefore, not for any merit of its own, to give it room upon the shelves in your poets' corner, that when other guests shall come, other hands open your door, other voices be heard exclaiming over the wonder

of your prospect, it may bear slight but unequivocal witness of one wayfarer's gratitude for all the solace and refreshment you have been so lavish to bestow. B. C.

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The Burden of Joy

JOY is the only thing in the world more inevitable, more universal than sorrow. For whether it take the form of love or contentment or delight in power, our capacity for happiness still outranks our capacity for grief; and however sad life may seem to you and me at times, we cannot but observe the Titanic gladness of creation. Even in our own small lives the gladness is more than the grief, the delight is more than the despair. Our very willingness to live attests this truth. In spite of failure and pain and sickness and bereavement and the obscure prosecution of an incomprehensible destiny, we are glad enough to stagger on.

Is it not good, therefore, to recognize this

very palpable fact about existence? And should we not once for all give over our desolate creed of disconsolate suffering, and affirm bravely that the soul of man does not realize itself through sorrow and renunciation, but through happiness and achievement? Indeed, happiness is the test of all success, the measure of our growth, the boundary of our accomplishment. To be healthy is to be happy; to love anything is to be happy; to find out the truth is to be happy. These are the three ways in which gladness comes to us; and unless we can attain some measure of such joyousness in body, spirit, and mind, we may be very sure that we are not getting the best out of life. Without his due share of each of these three kinds of gladness, no man can be greatly happy; and without something of at least one of them, no man can be happy at all.

It is only reasonable to recognize this prime necessity of health, or the normal physical condition, as the basis of happiness — at

least of one-third of happiness. To be comfortably housed, to be sufficiently and hygienically clothed, to be well fed, to be properly exercised, to be, in short, at the top of one's bodily capacity — no man should be content with less than this. Yet how slovenly we are in such matters! Our houses are often a mere storeroom of treasures, or a clutter of uncomfortable furniture and hideous bric-à-brac; our clothing, for half of us at least, is an exasperating menace, hampering the graceful motions of the body, cultivating disease, and irritating the temper beyond endurance; our food, when it is not too rich, is usually ill assorted and worse cooked; our habits of work, or exercise, and care of the body, are seldom other than dire necessity arranges for us. Our constant dependence on drugs and physicians is, more than nine-tenths of it, the result of gross ignorance of natural laws; and the other tenth is most likely the result of carelessness. Why not make a pleasure of physical existence, by bringing to its regula-

tion a little common sense, a little forethought, a little care, a little knowledge of the simplest laws of health? That were surely better than to die of lethargy and indigestion. And yet how unusual it is to see a human being in perfect health and alive to all the innocent wholesome pleasures of our mere animal existence! How commonly one sees the miserable, stuffy, neglected, and ailing body, with no more instinct for physical enjoyment than the unfortunate lap-dog which shares the stupidity of its owner.

If there were no need for social reform other than this, that there might be less grinding toil for some and more wholesome enforced exertion for others, it would still be supremely necessary for the preservation of the race. We make very lavish boasts of our civilization, our enlightenment, our progress, and yet the multitude of intelligent persons who shudder at the mention of fresh air and cold water is unbelievable; while they still

continue to stuff themselves with violent medicines and unwholesome food.

This is only the most obvious and primitive sort of happiness, such as savages enjoy. It is something to which we are all justly entitled, but which we have too foolishly abandoned. And unless we are wise enough to return to these simple and natural pleasures of physical being, we shall not only regret it as individuals, but as a race and nation. We ought to have too much pride to be sickly and weak. We ought to perceive that beauty is based upon health, — indeed, that beauty is only the outward seeming and appearance of normal health. This is not a visionist's theory. It is a very sober scrap of the truth. It does not apply to mankind at large; it applies to you, whoever you are, who read these paragraphs. If you are a man and think yourself tolerably well conditioned, the chances are that you would be still happier physically if your collar were not so high, or your shoes not so tight, or if your hours

out-of-doors were longer. While if you are a woman, it is certain that you never take a single full breath during your waking hours; and that if you were asked to walk half a mile on a country road, you would be compelled to hobble over the ground like a ridiculous Oriental.

All this, of course, is only the beginning of joy, yet it is indispensable. We must carry an elated chest, that there may be room for a happy heart within. A careful regimen for the body will not secure happiness of the spirit, but it will make us ready for the first approach of joy. If we would entertain angels, the least we can do is to be always prepared for them.

The Tides of the Mind

ALWAYS through the ocean the ranging tides are sweeping with flux and counterflux, like enormous arteries throbbing under the bright vesture of the sea. There are the diurnal tides that flow and ebb and pause and flow again continually, hung in space by the mystery of gravitation; with the thrust of the sun and the pull of the great ponderous moon, they swing around the earth. But to us creepers by the shore they seem only streaming currents of blue or red or greenish water. Then there are the greater tides — properly speaking, ocean currents — which have their bounds and frontiers, their apportioned cycles to journey, shores to scour, islands to build, reefs to thread, and the un-

known depths of unplumbed immensity to traverse.

To speak by a metaphor, there are tides of the mind also. Each man's mind, perhaps, is something like an insignificant rock-pool on our granite coast. It may be sleeping idly in the sun, and you would take it to be a mere chance rain puddle, or at best the oversplash of storm, soon to become stagnant, to evaporate, to pass away. But you mistake; it has somewhere out of sight a hidden passage of communication with the great deep, eternally breathing down the shore.

On parts of the coast where the soil permits it, as in the Bahamas, for instance, with their coral rock foundation, there are wells of sweet water within a few feet of the sea, that rise and fall regularly with the tide, yet are always fresh and wholesome to drink; so admirable is the filtering alchemy of the earth. There are minds of this sort, the thinkers of the race, able to keep always in close touch with the vast profound of truth, and able at

the same time to transmute it in some way into their own limpid expression for the kindly service of man. Such a man, whether he be poet or preacher, artist or agitator, is more than merely "a well of English undefiled;" he is a well of spiritual refreshment. Shakespeare, Marcus Aurelius, Goethe, Darwin, Plato, Whitman, Browning, Job, Virgil, Hugo, Kant, Spinoza, St. Francis — pagan, saint, or skeptic, it matters not at all — these were wells of the undefiled truth. They might be the fountain springs of that stream Emerson speaks of in his poem "Two Rivers."

> "So forth and brighter fares my stream, —
> Who drink it shall not thirst again;
> No darkness stains its equal gleam,
> And ages drop in it like rain."

Yes, and how we prize a good well! Think how many generations have drunk from that clear fountain which Chaucer gave to England! A new spring is discovered, and we try its taste, — first two or three put it to their

lips, then twenty, then a hundred, then perhaps a hundred thousand, its fame is so excellent. Then, if it is really good water, and unfailing for human need, we and our children may drink of it for centuries.

We read books for the same reason that we drink of a well, I fancy. The natural element is necessary for the body; and we bring ourselves daily into contact with the vast primal chemic forces of the universe, else we should perish. So, too, the mind has its necessity of nourishment; it must be brought daily into immediate relation with the outer vast of spiritual truth from which it springs. It may drink from books, or it may find the sea of actual life sufficient for it. But water it must have, sweet or salt.

Now there is nothing mysterious, or elect, or exclusive in art, or books, or poetry. Our only use of these things, our only joy in them, is this: that they put our small selves into relation with the great tides of truth. How a draught from Carlyle will sluice the dust

out of one's brain! For the mind of every man would perish in a day if it had no channel leading out to the source of thought! It is not a question of right reason, or even of reason at all; it is a question of life, of common joy and sorrow, and love and pleasure in beauty.

It has been said that happiness is not governed by circumstance, that it depends on the tides of the mind. Have you not noticed how capricious our own capacity for happiness seems? To-day every condition may make for pleasure, — a morning unsurpassed for loveliness, an easy conscience, indulgent friends, a well-earned respite from routine, wealth, plenty, amusement, — and yet the magic moment of radiant joy fails to arrive. The tide is setting the wrong way. To-morrow, on the contrary, everything is adverse; it is a mean, drizzly, unhealthy day in town, business is vexing, men are untrustworthy, one failure follows another, our home-folk berate us, our clothes are shabby, the cars are

crowded to indecency; it matters not the least in the world. From some undiscovered source, there suffuses us a sense of joyful content, an unfathomable draught of happiness which nothing can poison or take away. Probably, unknown to ourselves, we have done some act or met some thought, which put us in communication with absolute truth. One cannot tell. It was a touch of the tides of the mind.

But this is certain: never, by taking thought for the outward conditions alone, can one secure happiness, nor control these uncharted mental tides. I dare say, however, that we might be helped in governing the ebb and flow of happiness by two rules. The first is this: See that your body is well cared for. The body is the reservoir through which the tides of the mind will flow. You must keep it clean and well ventilated, and thoroughly repaired. To do this needs leisure and work combined. And the second rule is very like the first: See that every other body is well

cared for. This will give you a sufficient spiritual exercise to ensure a wholesome thirst for happiness; and your soul will then refuse to be put off with any of the numerous decoctions of mere pleasure.

Of Contentment

ONE may say of contentment, as of happiness, that it is rather an attitude of mind than a state of being, and depends more on the outlook we assume toward life than on the actual return we receive from it. If you look for contentment in those about you, you perceive it is not a matter of fortune nearly so much as of temperament, and those who are discontented in the midst of abundance are as many as those who are happy in their poverty.

The discontent of the poor is explicable enough, and the happiness of the prosperous; but how shall we account for the serenity of the first and peevishness of the second, when we observe it? Hardly otherwise than by attributing their happiness and their misery to

causes which arise in the inner self, and by forgetting in every case the worldly condition of the individual. You may see any day in the park sour old age rolling by in a Victoria behind a jovial flunkey, and equally sour youth dashing madly down the bridle-path, luxurious and discontented in the hot pursuit of distraction. In the next instant appear two others of like age, sex, means and circumstance, yet each is the picture of content, so that every beholder smiles and is made happy at the mere sight of their happiness. So it is in every zone of the community; you can never tell from any story of a man whether he is happy or not. You must wait until you see him. The eye will discover him, for his own eye will betray him. If he be bankrupt in the business of life, you may know it immediately, though he were studded with sapphires and rode in a hansom of gold. But if he have an ample balance in the Bank of Joy, you may know that, too, no matter how sorry a figure he may cut in a tailor's estimate.

It is not being out at heels that makes a man discontented; it is being out at heart.

To be contented is to be good friends with yourself. He who has no quarrel with himself will have no quarrel with the world; while he who is at enmity with himself will hardly have a friend on earth. We must be reconciled to ourselves if we would have the enduring affection of others. For as long as we dislike ourselves, we are put in a temper of carping and cynical uneasiness far from lovable; we breed an unamiable disposition, and affect others as we affect ourselves — as ill-natured, querulous persons. The moment we are contented — the moment we bring the distracted elements of our nature into something like order — that moment we begin to taste the happiness of peace. Having no hatred, nor disgust, nor annoyance toward self left, we can have none left toward others. We appear what we are, normal beings, full of the natural blessedness of life; and friends start up for us from every roadside. A man is his

own worst enemy, but not his own best friend; for when he is at odds with himself, every man's hand is hard against him; but when he has made peace with himself, he has the whole world of friends to choose from.

"Ah, yes, but the question is," you say, "how shall a man be friends with himself? How shall he keep on good terms with his conscience, and be reconciled to his own sane reason?"

The question, I believe, gives a hint of the best possible answer. It implies a certain divergence of purpose between the different members of our nature — an occasional, indeed a frequent, difference of opinion between rational judgment and instinctive desire, or between imperious aspiration whose authority is not to be denied and compulsory appetite whose dictates are not to be gainsaid. I shall only be reconciled with myself when these associate powers, inherent in my being and constantly asserting themselves, are brought into order and poise. So long as either one

of the three is allowed to wholly dominate the other two, just so long shall I suffer inward strife.

If I live for senses alone, I shall taste the discontent of soul and mind; I shall know neither repose of spirit nor serenity of reason. I may soak myself in the luxury and beauty of all that wealth can afford, but the magic moment of happiness will still be as far off as ever.

If I live for reason alone, devoting my life to science or philosophy or theoretical propaganda, neglecting all the good things of the world as it is, and denying myself all emotional enjoyment — all enthusiasm and generous appreciation — I shall still fail of happiness; I shall still be worrying the bone of discontent, for my nature will be ill-poised and abnormal, at war with itself as of old.

And, again, if I live for my moral nature alone, a life of self-denial and asceticism and meditation and prayer, however lofty my ideal, I may still fail to find contentment, for

I may have starved my love of beauty and strangled my love of truth.

No human creature can thrive and come near perfection without giving equal heed to the curiosity for truth, the instinct for beauty, and the impulse for doing right. And it is only as these three great instinctive forces come into something like fair accord that we begin to know contentment. Contentment is the index of poise in a character, while discontent is an indication — nay, is the very essence — of distraction. To be distraught, to do one thing when we perceive we ought to do another, to see the truth clearly and not have heroism enough to follow it, to lead an inner life of turmoil — this is the beginning of death, the gradual dissolution of character we nearly all undergo. It may be habit or conscience or subservience to conventionality that enslaves us and undoes us at the last; it may be a faltering will and a fickle heart; it may be a dull and sleepy mind. The disaster is the same; we feel the diversity of purposes

of the warring intuitions within us, and the goblin of discontent crouches on our door-step.

But let me for one instant grow aware of the loveliness of poise in character, the sure serenity and happiness that come with anything like harmonious culture, and at once I am transformed. I perceive what contentment means, and how it has not a thing to do with possessions or conditions or so-called success, but abides in the individual, only awaiting development. Contentment is the peace of still currents which have joined and mingled in one superb sweep of force; discontent is the thresh of opposing tides. Having known whence contentment comes, I know well how best to secure it, and all my days must thenceforth be given to the threefold culture which alone can lead us in the perilous way toward perfection.

But this word culture, or self-culture, does not imply selfishness. We shall find that in the spiritual life, where the will is manifest and all activities take their rise, one of the

greatest sources of happiness is in serving others. We shall find no contentment if we do not know that. And to serve others as well as to serve ourselves, practical resources are needed — the good common necessities of life and good uncommon luxuries, too. If we would know how much luxury to allow, I dare say we shall find the answer to that question also in our threefold ideal of culture.

We shall not limit a man's wealth by what he can earn or make, but by what he can use. Many a man goes on multiplying his wealth just because he has not the capacity to make use of what he already has. What he really hungers for is some vent for his mental or emotional and æsthetic nature which he has been starving all his life in the pursuit of gain. He does not know this; he only knows he is discontented with what he has got, and thinks there is nothing that will satisfy him but to get more; whereas the truth is he has too much already. His character is debauched in its active and practical and executive side.

Then if he turns to find contentment in pleasure, he only finds distraction and dissipation; he is still living wholly in the region of physical activity, whereas he really needs to live in the region of the intelligence and the spirit. He needs to *know* more, and to *love* more, and to *appreciate* more; not to *do* more. He has done too much already.

Just the same criticism applies to the exclusive bookworm who is debauched in his mental nature and has more knowledge than he can possibly use. He, too, is discontented and thinks nothing will satisfy him but more and more learning; whereas it is not learning but life that he needs — the satisfaction of accomplishment. Of the artist, too, you may say the like. His whole nature is probably given over to appreciating the world about him, to receiving impressions and recording them, to developing and cultivating his moral nature, while very often his mind is untrained and ill-informed. His culture has been sadly ill-balanced and an enormous *ennui* takes hold

of him — he does not know why. Perceiving only discontent within himself, he fancies that contentment is to be found farther on in the road he has been following, and he grows more and more emotional, more and more absorbed in the æsthetic appreciation of life, and less and less capable of thought or action and, of course, less and less contented every day. To the artist, the scientist, the man of action, the danger lies in specialization: the man has become absorbed in his trade; he is no longer a man, but a tradesman, whether his trade be commerce or art or philosophy. He can never be happy until he tries to be a man first of all, and wears his profession as lightly as he would wear a flower in his buttonhole.

Of Vigour

YOU may say at once that the necessity of vigour is self-evident. But one must distinguish between vigour, the cultivable virtue, and vitality, the essence of life. The former we may acquire, the latter is the gift of the gods. We may display vitality with little vigour; and with a spark of that indispensable fire we may kindle a conflagration of energy.

In the realm of art and expression this or that achievement may have essential vitality and still be lacking in vigour. And yet it is vigour that gives art its power and makes it prevail. You may see a painting or a piece of modelling, accurate, poised, beautiful, delicate, and quite flawless in execution; so that at first you are inclined to pronounce it a bit

of perfect art; until after a time it grows tame; you begin to tire of it; the charm of mere loveliness of line or tone has not been enough to hold your admiration. The thing has lacked vigour; it has not that electric power of impressing itself upon one, so needful to make perfection more perfect still. For perfection is not merely the cutting away of imperfections, but the energizing and vitalizing of the chosen form. It is not enough in art to secure perfect form, a perfect colour, a perfect tone; it is necessary also (it is even more necessary) to make them live. It is not enough to create shapes of beauty; we must give them vigour as well, so that they may survive and prevail against what is indifferent and unlovely and inimical to joy. Passive beauty is well, but active beauty is best.

Then, too, lack of vigour will mean lack of growth. The artist who has no exuberance, no superabundance of vigour to impart to his creations, will not have enough to ensure his own development. What he is he will re-

main. You need look for no wonder-working from him in future years. All his skilled hand was able to do it has done. The limited energy at his command has accomplished his utmost in its faultless, but unliving, creations; and no superfluous vitality remains to be transmuted into new vitality of the art or to expend itself in new enterprises of culture.

With vigour we may hope for anything, without it there is no future. It was vigour, the profusion of energy, the redundance of vitality, that created and sustains the earth; and nothing short of this will create it anew in forms of beauty under the hand of the artist, or lend to these forms the endurance needed to confront the wear of time.

How necessary, then, for the artist to have vigour at all costs — vigour of the whole personality, body, mind, and spirit! And certainly quite as necessary for all of us laymen as well. And it will not suffice us to have mental vigour alone, or physical vigour alone, or moral vigour alone; we must have a bal-

ance of these. For otherwise we should make no real progress; we should begin to revolve upon ourselves, and be deflected from our true course. But a complete and poised personal vigour, strong, intelligent, and happy — who shall say how far it may not go, or set limits to its achievements?

We recognize this need of a balance of vigour in our academic training, where athletics are encouraged, to counteract the bad physical effects of overmentalization. And college sports have come to be almost as important as college studies. There is one important difference, however. College studies are a training of the mind; college sports are not an educational training of the body. They serve to develop muscle to some extent; but they do so in a very primitive and ineffectual way. They are not followed to give vigour to the personality through the body, as they should be followed; but to dissipate its energy. They are not an education, but a diversion, an amusement. If colleges made it their

object to see which men could read the greatest number of books in a given time, or memorize the greatest number of facts, that would be a scheme of mental training parallelled to the physical training we now have. And yet with a very little wise direction of physical culture in our schools and colleges an enormous result could be obtained in added vigour. We have, of course, a few teachers who perceive this need, but as yet their influence has made too little headway against the tide of popular misapprehension on this point. It is not generally perceived that the usual physical development of the modern athlete is onesided and unlovely; that his muscle is not only cultivated at the expense of his character (or rather, I should say, to the neglect of his mind and spirit), but that even his physique has not the grace and ease and beauty which should inherently belong to it. The modern college man ought surely to rival the ancient Greek for beauty, for vigour of mind and spirit as well as of body. Instead of that,

the average college man who has given much time to athletics is sadly lacking in gracefulness and poise. Our idea of the college athlete is perilously like the figure of a well-groomed young ruffian.

Now ruffianism is no essential part of a good physical training. It exists in our standard of physical excellence, because our men are badly taught — or rather because they are not taught at all. Athletics are cultivated (as it is called), but proper motion, proper use and control of the body, with due regard to a directing mind and an indwelling spirit, are almost nowhere inculcated. The result is strength, rather than vigour — ruffianism, rather than refinement.

Yet physical training may be made one of the most powerful agents for the highest culture of character.

The Training of Instinct

CERTAINLY we do not give our instinct anything like a fair chance in this modern life. We have arranged our moral obligations and our spiritual duties by codes more or less severe; we have hedged about our material life with such complete safety and so many conventions that there remains comparatively little scope for the individual will to exercise its initiative choice. Our path of conduct is so closely prescribed that range of choice is limited, and instinct atrophies. This is wrong, surely. It must be culpable to allow any power, so delicate, so strong, so beneficent and trustworthy as the human instinct, to deteriorate and grow inoperative from any cause whatever.

Yet every day we neglect to consult our instinct. How many of us, when we sit down at table, think instinctively what we should prefer to eat? For the most part we consume what is set before us, without question — pickles, candies, raw fruits, and fried abominations without number — regardless of utility or consequence. Then, as a reward of our own stupidity, we must send for a doctor just so often to undo the effects of our folly. Even those of us who have sense enough to consider their food at all are for the most part content to regulate their diet according to some hygienic formula, more or less admirable, no doubt, but certainly not universally applicable. Yet all the while here is instinct only waiting to be consulted to give us pretty sure and sound advice.

True, most of us could hardly depend on our own choice now to guide our appetite; for instinct has been so hampered and thwarted and choked and disregarded that it has almost ceased to operate altogether.

When we ought to consult it in regard to the conduct of the body, for the maintenance of this physical life, it is really not our instinct that we consult at all, but our reason. We have made so much of reason that we cannot get it out of the way and allow instinct to govern for the moment. Yet there are regions of activity where instinct should lead and reason only advise. You and I each have an instinct as to what is best for us in food or rest or sleep or exertion, if we would only cultivate it, only give it play in our lives. And if that instinct were educated, it would guide us quite as infallibly in these matters as our reason does in matters of actual knowledge and thought; quite as infallibly as our conscience does in matters of right and wrong. Our instinct is a sort of conscience for the body, and deserves our care and obedience just as much as does that preceptor of morals.

But we must not limit the realm of instinct to the governance of the animal body. We must recall that it is a human instinct, and

has sane wisdom applicable to all the doings of men. If I meet a new acquaintance, my judgment of him must be made up from my instinctive perception of the man, as well as from the deductions of reason and intuition. I shall be told certain facts concerning him, perhaps, and to these facts I apply logic. I shall also have certain more or less definite feelings about him, both sentimental and sympathetic (or antipathetic), and these feelings are derived from intuition and instinct. I shall know immediately something of him spiritually. I cannot tell how; and I shall know something of him through my senses, by instinct.

It is good to reason and to make the reason supreme in this life. But it is fatal to disregard either intuition or instinct. And of these two indispensable guides, instinct is the most neglected, the most in need of reinstatement in our regard.

Moving-Day

MOVING - DAY is not a festival the sentimentalist loves. For him it is a time of memories, redolent of old sorrows and vanished joys; he clings to his associations, and changes his home reluctantly. It is his habit to invest things with an aroma of dedication, if I may say so, as ancient churches are saturated with incense. Everything he has ever owned possesses for the sentimentalist attachments hardly known to the literal mind. And the larger, the more universal the possession, the stronger the attachment. So that his home, his town, his native country, take hold of the sentimentalist's heart with ropes of perdurable toughness. In this respect you may say that the sentimentalist belongs to the cat fam-

ily. He is very imperfectly domesticated, but his habit of locality is phenomenally developed. He has none of that doggy loyalty which would lead him to desert the ancestral fireside without a pang, if ever friendship should demand the move. Thinking himself all heart, he is sometimes a heartless creature, living on atmosphere and losing the solider joys of loving.

Your true sentimentalist, too, is a prince of procrastinators. He cannot bring himself to a decision, and action affects him like the rheumatism. Witness "Sentimental Tommy," whose soul abhorred the necessity of choosing, as a hen abhors water. While other men are making fortunes, building houses, marrying beauties, discovering the south pole, establishing trusts, ruling savages, or overturning empires, your sentimentalist is making up his precious mind. Like the rustic, he waits for the river to run by; and, while he stands emotionalizing and moralizing, the stream of events has moved swiftly on, carrying the

flotsam of fortune beyond his grasp. You may even hear him bemoaning his destiny, when a little timeliness, a little presence of mind, a little zest and courage would have saved the day.

To move, to break up one place of abode, to carry all his household deities to a new altar (to flit, as the Scotch idiom so picturesquely has it) is an abhorrence to the sentimentalist. I confess I am very much of his turn of mind in this matter. Unless one has been ill or unhappy in a place, with what misgivings one leaves it! The last stick of furniture has been carried out, the last picture unhung, the last grip packed and ready, even the cane and umbrella are strapped together. Then as you take another look through the familiar rooms, so changed by the desolation, have you not a horrible foreboding qualm? If ever the fluctuating sentimentalist in you is to get the upper hand, now is his time. And it may need some stout common bravery of heart to keep him in place.

But the more sane and courageous attitude toward change accepts it as a step in growth, in development. The moral of "The Chambered Nautilus" will come home to every one, and we may sweeten the uses of adversity by a severe resignation. The new dwelling must often be narrower and less commodious than the old. But what are the requisites we look for in seeking an abiding-place? Light, air, sun, good soil, neighbours, quiet. And still there is one thing more too often neglected — the personal atmosphere of the new room or the new dwelling. Every room, if we would but try to perceive it, has its own peculiar atmosphere. It affects us pleasantly or unpleasantly, as the case may be. All its past history, the lives and passions, comedies and woes, aspirations and failures, of its former occupants have all left upon it traces of their influence; and thereafter it is impossible for a new occupant to dwell there without sharing in the experience of the old one. An inheritance of association passes on

with every house to its new tenant, and this we cannot escape. It is useless to try to ignore it; it were wiser to recognize the subtle quality of each room we go into, to cultivate a sensitiveness in that direction, and never to do violence to it if we can help ourselves. This would be a novel consideration in home-making and house-hunting. We should not look at the locks and the paint alone, nor consider the costliness of construction; we should close our eyes and feel the atmosphere of the place; we should try to tell whether or not we are likely to be happy there, whether or not we are in sympathy with the former owner, whether we are to be aided or annoyed by the endowment of association he has left behind him.

Of course, there are our own discarded impediments as well. If we are to be so particular about the atmosphere into which we move, we shall have to see to it that the associations we leave behind us are not inimical

to the happiness of others, at least that they are not evil.

The spirit, too, has its moving-days and its times of house-cleaning, as well as the body. For months and years we may be dependents on some great spiritual teacher, Carlyle, or Arnold, or Newman, or one of the ancients. We go in and out, and carry on our daily subsistence, as tenants of his philosophy, secure in his sheltering thought. But some fine May morning along comes a gust of fancy and persuades us to move. We find ourselves dissatisfied with the old lodgings and set out to seek for new; or perhaps in racing down some unexpected street we have come upon a domicile that took our eye. Plato can detain us no longer; we are going to become retainers of Aristotle. So the spirit passes from one master to another, from one abiding-place to the next on the long quest for a perfect dwelling. None of them, perhaps, will be found perfect, though none is to be despised. Seren-

ity, cheer, encouragement, valour, are to be found under many a roof where we least expect them. These are the qualities to look for in the new lodging.

A Sea-Turn



IT is a New England term, and you may hear the good Bostonian any hot summer day prophesy a sea-turn with falling night. It comes suddenly, too, sometimes nipping the unwary and mauling the frail. You must be no weakling if you are to live by the sea, even in July. She is a rough nurse, and cherishes her strong sons by the easy process of eliminating their tenderer brothers. The seaboard folk are hardy, you notice. Those who took hurt from the rude play of the elements have been disposed of. They sleep well under the gray stones.

I remember one blazing morning several years ago. It had been an insufferable night, when you were content to lounge about the

empty streets of Beacon Hill and rest on the deserted stone door-steps. Indoors there was nothing to breathe. Up over this city of dreadful night rose the brassy, unmitigated sun, till the asphalt sizzled in the steaming air. The whole town went to its office in shirt-sleeves — almost. Will you believe it? — before noon the newsboys were crying extras of the great change of temperature. The east wind was on us like a frost. The wise ones sought a thicker coat, but the foolish took off their hats, let the cold wind blow under their arms, and many of them never needed a coat again.

But for the average being (or perhaps one should say for the normal — that is somewhat better than average), the sea is a wonderful mother. And the dweller by the coast, waiting for the sea-turn to come in on the wings of the east wind, is a mortal favoured beyond his fellows. The cool of the mountains is not the same thing; it is a rare tonic shock, stimulant, thin, and keen, with nothing of the

motherly befriending touch of the sea's breath. For the coolness of the hills seems to be what it really is — the exhaustion and vanishing of all warmth, as if one were left to perish for lack of the generous sun. In that high, pure atmosphere the arrowy rays come down unobstructed and burn to the bone at times, but the moment our lord of day is behind the hill not a trace of his presence remains, not a vestige of all his vehement fervour. There may not be a ghost of air stirring, yet the chill is about you on the instant, and woollens are comfortable. It is like being left in a vault, for all you are on the roof of the world.

The cool of the sea is a positive thing. In the first place it has a very real savour, and perhaps that helps to delude us; though I fancy the feel of it is different, too. Not so dry as hill cold, its touch must be softer, more velvety, with its cushion of humidity. It is more alive, too. How should it not be so, blown off the face of the breathing sea?

And this wonderful life, this aliveness of the sea, it must be which impresses the inlander and the mountaineer. It may be that, as a people, whose fathers have been seafarers and maritime for hundreds of generations, we are under the sway and superstition of the ocean. One cannot be sure. And as you or I come within sound of the shore after a long absence, perhaps it speaks to us as it would not speak to men of an immemorially hill-bound race. Certainly it has more to say to one than the lofty homes of the forest and the eternal peaks that hold up the canopy of blue. And you may repeat with Emerson:

> "I heard, or seemed to hear, the chiding sea
> Say, Pilgrim, why so late and slow to come?
> Am I not always here, thy summer home?
> Is not my voice thy music, morn and eve?
> My breath thy healthful climate in the heats,
> My touch thy antidote, my bay thy bath?"

But of all sea poetry, perhaps no verses have more of the sea's true rhythm, sombre and noble, than Rossetti's "Sea-Limits:"

A Sea-Turn

"Consider the sea's listless chime;
Time's self it is made audible —
The murmur of the earth's own shell.
Secret continuance sublime
Is the sea's end. Our sight may pass
No furlong further. Since time was,
This sound hath told the lapse of time."

There is in these lines (is there not?) the slow cadence of the surf, the dirging undertone of mortal sorrow. The same note and feeling are in Arnold's "Dover Beach:"

"Only from the long line of spray,
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanched sand,
Listen! You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles, which the waves suck back and fling
At their return, high up the strand,
Begin and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in."

There is an impressiveness in store for the citizen who comes out of his city to confront either the world of ocean or the world of hills; but they will affect him in different

ways. The mountains may be your friend, but the sea is your lover. Those serene heights that have stood unmoved so many countless years, how they pique our thought — the eternal repose unanswering the restless mind. You may live with them in respectful companionship (if you are rightly modest and patient and lowly-minded), and after many days you may come to find that they have impressed upon your unworthy self something of their own austere character, their Spartan fortitude. But the sad-voiced sea is not so solitary nor so taciturn. All her turbulent, distraught life is yours in a moment. She is for confidences immediately, and never wearies all day of recounting the ancient story of her perished pride and innumerable tears. In her voice is the wistfulness of ages, and, as you listen, the echo beats and reverberates through your own human heart. You need not be a sentimentalist to know this. And, as I say, one never can know the true truth about nature, one can only know the apparent truth;

and that is so largely a matter of heredity, a matter of our unnumbered experiences since the first sunrise. Perhaps if a creature were to come into this earth endowed with senses and perceptions like our own, yet without our heritage of sentiments and our ageless endowment of emotions, the sea might seem to him to sing the gladdest songs. But to us who have lived by her side so many thousand gray years, with all their sea tragedies, sea sorrows, sea changes, it cannot be so. We unconsciously find in the face of the earth a likeness of ourselves. And we shall never in this world be other than prejudiced observers. But, then, our business is not to find gladness everywhere in nature, but to bring gladness everywhere with us.

Vanitas Vanitatum

"VANITY of vanities, saith the preacher, vanity of vanities; all is vanity." And what you may find to remark in this well-worn note of tribulation is the fact that it is the saying of a preacher. Then further we may query: In what other profession than that of the preacher will a man come so abruptly upon a sense of the *tædium vitæ?* So powerful is the reflex and hypnotic influence of actions, the professional faultfinder soon becomes both victim and example to his own tirades. What is less lovely than a scold, or more pitiable than a buffoon confirmed in his buffoonery?

Emerson has a pregnant thought in one of his brief poems:

"'A new commandment,' said the smiling Muse,
'I give my darling son, thou shalt not preach'—
Luther, Fox, Behmen, Swedenborg, grew pale,
And, on the instant, rosier clouds upbore
Hafis and Shakespeare, with their shining choirs."

It is the same thought that has led us by common consensus of critical opinion to condemn the didactic in art, and prefer those artists who stick to beauty pure and simple. As good comfortable Fra Lippo Lippi has it:

"If you get simple beauty and naught else,
You get about the best thing God invents."

Here is at once a sanction for the best and the lowliest effort of art, the truth which rewards and satisfies the eminent master, and also encourages and consoles the humble craftsman. It dignifies not only all art but all work. Our fine arts and handicrafts are perfected and ennobled, when once we treat them with this cheery and loving thought in mind. Whether the work is an epic or

a bookbinding or the setting of a precious stone, it is all one in importance if only we are careful to dignify the task with love and devotion. Beauty calls for our best, and only by giving our best in the service of beauty can we learn to fully appreciate the delight that beauty offers us in return.

If it is true that every one should take some manly share in doing the necessary work of the world, it is probably just as true that every one should have some active interest in one of the fine arts. To speak more truly, perhaps, there should be no divorce between work and art; and I dare say that not until all work can be done with the workman's whole heart can we have the best results. At present, in a time which we are pleased to call complex, this does not seem quite possible. Most men's occupations call for a stress and hurry that preclude the slow care which art demands. Certainly, however, the artistic method is to be attempted wherever it is possible. Certainly, too, we shall be wise if we

make time (however busy we may fancy ourselves) to take up some form of art or handicraft on which we may expend enthusiasm. For then we shall be getting "simple beauty and naught else." We shall need neither to preach nor be preached to any more. Even the higher journalism will become superfluence. We shall be so busy enjoying ourselves in our way, we shall have no time to spend on the questionable task of trying to improve our neighbours.

I am much mistaken if the first preacher was not the first idler, a brazen skulker from the field where his sedulous companions were toiling in the sun. He probably went home to discourse to his appreciative family on the proper methods of agriculture and the sin of laziness.

Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas. And served him right that he found it so! Had he preached less, perhaps, he would not have discovered vanity so quickly. But why is it dangerous to preach? Because it is danger-

ous to do anything that is not done with the whole being, and preaching is too mental a performance. The calling of the preacher, in the pulpit or in the press, has too little connection with activity, and enlists only the forces of mind and spirit, with too little regard for deeds. The artist must not only reason out his work, he must love it and execute it himself. That piece of work is ill done, whether it be painting or paving, to which there did not go a modicum of love and thought and energy together. No two will serve alone. If you will seek out a successful mechanic, or sailorman, or musician, or mule-driver, — one who puts brains and heart into the work of his hands, — I think you will find he hasn't much time left for lamentations. He doesn't know what *tædium vitæ* means, and he wouldn't know any better if you translated it for him. But it never ought to be translated. And whenever you hear a man going up and down the world reviling the times continually — he is a preacher. If he

isn't a preacher by profession, he is a preacher by nature, which is worse. The habit of preaching has taken hold upon him, and is eating into his vitals. "Happy is he who has been apprenticed to trade and taught to preach beauty with his hands," says the Book of St. Kavin.

The Contemporary Spirit

ONE'S first impulse is to say of the contemporary spirit: There is the infallible guide, the exemplar of conduct and achievement! It seems to us that one thing needful is to live and work in accord with the spirit of the times. This, indeed, is largely true. To be out of joint with our own time is to be in bad humour with ourselves. Whereas the secret of efficiency is to be well attuned with ourselves and our surroundings.

One easily remarks the great men who have been hands and voice to the time spirit, and one sees how irresistibly they have gone forward in their cause, toiling and resounding through the earth. They have been so evidently moved by a power whose whole limits they did not themselves comprehend; pos-

sessed by a glorious idea; inspired by a splendid thought; carried out of any petty conception of life, or any selfish, self-seeking aim, and borne on the great universal current of progress. The mind feeds upon the events and aspirations of its time as a plant feeds upon the soil and air of its own valley. And it is a mark of greatness and robustness of mind to be able to assimilate wholly and readily the material brought into contact with it. Not to be nourished by the sunshine of the hour is to begin to wilt and fail.

And yet, in another way, it is quite as necessary to disregard the contemporary spirit, and follow only the teaching of the cosmic spirit — the spirit which takes small heed of men and events and passing modes. It has the trend of larger progress in its care, and disregards the smaller ebb and flow of local currents. The contemporary, on the other hand, it must be remembered, is ever in danger of being diverted and absorbed in the trivial and the unnecessary, the foolish and

the futile. The contemporary spirit not seldom becomes jaded and debauched and ineffectual from a multiplicity of detail and a diversity of interest. The contemporary spirit is very human, very like our lesser selves; it is by no means always up to its better self; it often fails of its ideal; is hasty and short-sighted and frivolous. It is, really, nothing but the force of average humanity at any one time, realizing itself in its own creations.

The uncontemporary spirit, on the other hand, is the power of humanity's better self accomplishing large purposes, fostering lofty aims, keeping in sight pure ideals, and pondering on the past and the future while it still must toil in the present day. It cares little for reward, save that of its own approbation; does not hesitate nor falter nor compromise; but is frank and insistent and of large endurance.

It is the uncontemporary spirit that is the genius of discovery and art and invention. It is the devoted imaginers who have been the

benefactors of their race. The contemporary spirit is self-seeking, self-satisfied, self-sufficient; the great upholder of things as they are, it sits stolid and somnolent in the pew corner. It scoffs at liberty, praises antiquity, and prophesies ruin.

The contemporary spirit always has an eye to the main chance; it feathers the nest, provides the dower, lays by for a rainy day, lives in the passing hour, and dies eternally, for all we know to the contrary. Of what service, then, are the contemporary and the uncontemporary spirit to be to the artist? They must serve him, I fancy, very much as he is served by his dual self, with the wisdom of the serpent and the wisdom of the dove. There will always be active within him the conflicting, yet parallel, desires — the inclination to adapt vague, unrealizable dreams to the comprehension and utility of his time, and the stubborn disinclination to alter his ideal for any use whatever.

Yet we must remember that all art, like

life itself, is a compromise — a compromise between what we would and what we can. On the one hand is the artist's mind, to which come fancies, thoughts, pictures, ideas, half-comprehended by himself, never yet articulated or declared for others, and unimagined by the great world of his fellows to whom he would address himself; on the other hand is that stubborn world of media, the rough material of sounds and colours, which is to be made plastic by the artist's hands, which is to be made to convey his meaning. How is he to express to others the new thing, which as yet he can hardly define to himself? Evidently he must compromise between perfect faithfulness to the vision and intelligibility to his auditors. He must be content to convey only a part of his own impression in order that his expression of it may pass on to others. And here is always the artist's dilemma, and his need for self-surrender. Not what he would say, but what he can say, must still suffice him. So to lay the colour that it may

enshrine his new dream of beauty, yet retain so much of its old disposition that men beholding will recognize and comprehend it still; so to dispose and array these old words as to make them embody a shade of meaning, an influence, an infusion, unguessed before, yet at the same time not to wrench or distort them from their common acceptation — to use them with great freedom and novelty, yet not to startle their timorous inheritors.

To be fresh, to be original, to be conclusive, to be untrite and compelling, yet to be alluring and convincing and seductive also; to astonish and overcome and carry wholly away, yet never to antagonize nor offend — there is a task for a summer's day. And always while the contemporary wisdom of the serpent is teaching the artist patience and tolerance, and to be contented with little, the uncontemporary wisdom of the dove is bidding him contend for the manifestation of his best self, for the uncompromising realization of the prophecy and the dream.

Horticulture

THE lover of rose-gardens doubtless is master of a blameless joy. He is a leisurist first of all, delighting in the quiet life and silently acquiescing in the great law of the unimportance of the individual. He has his pleasure of life behind his garden walls, in sunshine and seclusion, while the pageant of the world goes by with all its drums and pennons. With shouts and cheers and martial strains the concourse is parading down the road; but your rose lover only sees the dust, only feels the confusion, and turns to his flower-beds with a happy heart. Let others do what they will, his soul prefers peace and the quietude of his own small plot of earth.

Yet he is no idler. With diligence he tends his beloved companions — trims and waters, shelters and weeds, with untiring zest. And all his reward is beauty, the generous responsive beauty of the earth — the soul of the ground made visible in roses. At nightfall, I doubt not, he has dreams of his own. In the silent silver moonlight, sifting through the tall elms, he broods among his sumptuous beauties slumbering on their stalks. He devises new varieties to be evolved in time; he lays out new domains for crimson favourites, and brings wild corners under cultivation for his lovely friends. His mind is not idle, you may be sure, as he paces to and fro in the warm air under the stars. He is an artist and a labourer in one; to the labourer's rewards of careless health and freedom of mind, he adds the artist's joy.

The elements are kind to the lover of flowers; sun and rain and air conspire to second the toil of his hand; and while he sleeps his

designs are being accomplished. Of what other craft can so much be said?

It was not really the compensations of gardening, however, that I had in mind when I began these notes this morning, but the pleasures and rewards of a different sort of culture, which gardening only symbolizes. I mean, of course, the culture of ourselves. For every one of us is a garden. I may be full of nettles and pigweed; you may be full of lilies and lavender. You may have a rich, deep soil; mine may be sandy and dry. You may bask toward the south in the sun of circumstance, while I have to front the north of dreary adversity. Still, here we are awaiting the gardener's care. Let us go in and cultivate ourselves. For, if you think we can lie here in the weather waiting for some fabulous divine gardener to come along and do all the weeding, and digging, and sowing, and scuffling for us, while we have only to bloom and absorb moisture, you are sadly in error. There is no gardener but oneself. And you may

construct a fine esoteric poem on the subject, concluding with the line:

"Myself the weeder and the weed."

This is a mystery, but it is sober truth, too. And the garden in which we are placed may be divided, for convenience, into two or three parts. There is the garden of the mind, for instance, which we are sent to college to cultivate. And there is the garden of the body, which we too often shamefully neglect. Indeed, some misguided folk would have you believe that the one is a rose-garden, while the other is only a despised vegetable patch. But this is not true, as every man who has tried faithfully to cultivate his body knows. If you have never made the attempt, why not take up the care of your body for one year. Find where it needs attention. Lavish upon it all the thoughtful consideration you would give to the culture of your mind. Tend it with patience, enrich it with understanding. Work with all the science and enthusi-

asm of a true horticulturist. And watch for the flowers of grace and strength to grow and prosper under your care.

Very likely your body is sadly neglected. You must overlook the whole ground, first of all, to see where there is the greatest need of attention. You will probably have to have some advice at first, for an instinct for perfection is apt to be blunted from long disuse. But, once aroused, it will soon revive to its normal function; you will begin to know intuitively what foods are good, for instance, and what exercises most helpful.

If your wrist is stiff and your arm unlimber, take some exercises that will correct the fault. Then diligently practise that gymnastic, and watch the results. You will begin to see perfection of arm movement and wrist motion gradually spring into life like fair, unfolding blossoms. You will be capable of beauties of graceful exertion which you never dreamed you could possess.

If your voice is weak and unmusical, learn

to breathe; then learn to produce tones; then learn the right conformity of the mouth for the production of the legitimate sounds of speech; then learn to add expression. You will find you have acquired a beautiful torso and a fine carriage, better possessions than we often buy.

And so on through all the muscles and members; let none be neglected, for none are despicable or useless, and all are needed for the final perfection. Your great reward will come, when (long after you have cast off all harmful and absurd restrictions of fashion) your culture begins to show itself in perfect mobility and poise, and when, as a last test of normal being, you begin to be aware of the rhythms of your own body. Most of us pass our lives without ever being once awake to this sense of divine joy, this rapture of musical motion. And yet rhythmic mobility is a source of happiness, a means of health and a magical creator of beauty.

It cannot surely be very long before we

amend our standards of education, so as to place the body on an equal footing with the mind. We are suffering for our neglect. If we make body culture as important as mental and spiritual culture, we should be much happier, for we should be much better balanced and much more normal. All the attention we have come to give to sports and out-of-door pastimes is itself evidence of our instinctive tendency to better things, to a completer culture; and still we are only beginning to learn the possibilities of bodily culture, and its imperative necessity as a factor in human perfection.

Speech-Culture and Literature

THE relation between speech-culture and literature may not be apparent at first glance. Not only does it exist, however, but it is fundamental and therefore of prime importance.

Consider for a moment the position of literature among the fine arts, and some of the qualities inherent in literature which make it a fine art.

But what do we mean by the fine arts? In what do they consist? What characteristics have they in common by which we may distinguish them? We may say theoretically that art is nothing more nor less than the result of man's attempt to give expression to

his thoughts, his aspirations, his hopes and fears, in forms of beauty. We may say, briefly, that art is the manifestation of the human spirit. But everything we do is to some extent expressive. Our acts, our looks, our gestures, the tones of our voice, may all be said to be expressive in that they convey to others some impression about ourselves. An advertising sign on the fence is a form of expression, in that it serves to convey information from the proprietor to the public. Indeed, nothing that man does can be wholly without expression. How, therefore, can we distinguish these forms of expression which are worthy to be termed the fine arts?

If I say to you that *a* plus *b* equals *c*, or that 2 plus 2 equals 4, I am giving expression to a statement which appeals at once to your reason. It requires only your mind to appreciate the information. You don't care anything about it. But if I say, "the sailor and the hunter have come home," that piece of information begins to interest you. I begin

to touch upon your emotions. You fancy there is to be more of the story; you like the sailor better than the hunter; or perhaps you wish that the hunter had returned alone; at all events, your sympathy is awake, and awaiting the development of the story. It is no longer a pure and simple statement of fact, such as we had at first in 2 plus 2 equals 4. Now, if I go further and quote you Robert Louis Stevenson's line:

> "Home is the sailor, home from sea,
> And the hunter come from the hill,"

What is the result? We not only have our mind informed as before; we not only have our emotions enlisted as before; we have our senses appealed to as well. The statement already had mental and spiritual qualities, and now there has been added to these a physical quality, the quality of beauty. These three qualities of truth, spirituality, and beauty are the essential characteristics of all the fine arts. And among all the achievements

and activities of mankind, no form of expression can be classed as a fine art unless each of these qualities is present. And, also, any industry may at any moment rise to the height of a fine art if the workman is given sufficient freedom and has sufficient talent or genius. In that case he will impress upon the work something of his own personality; he will make it expressive of himself; he will put into his work reason and love and beauty. He will make it appeal to our mind, our spirit and our æsthetic sense.

You see, then, that these three distinguished characteristics of art are representative of the threefold nature of the artist. And these three qualities, inherent in every work of art, implanted there by its human creator, a reflected image of himself, will in turn appeal to the living trinity within ourselves. All art has charm; it has what Rossetti called fundamental brain work; it has emotion. To say the same thing in another way, art must make us satisfied and glad and content; it must

give us something to think about, something to love, and something to recall with a thrill of pleasure.

It is the province of art, of every art and every piece of art, to influence us in these three ways. And any artist whose work is lacking in any one of those directions is in so far a limited and imperfect creator.

Art, then, is the result of man's attempt to express himself adequately, with intelligence, with power and with charm. But when we say that art is the embodiment of expression, that does not mean that the expression is given necessarily a *permanent* form. Some of the arts, such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, are dependent on materials for their embodiment. But their greater or less permanence has nothing to do with their essential qualities. It would not detract in the least from the excellence of a painting if it were destroyed the minute it was finished. Other arts, again, like music and dancing and acting, are merely instan-

taneous, and have no permanence whatever; they perish more quickly than the impulse which produced them, except in so far as they can be preserved in the memory and reproduced by imitation.

Now, in order to arrest the perishable beauty of these instantaneous arts, certain mechanical inventions have been devised from time to time — the invention of writing, of printing, of photography, for example. And by their useful means creations of art, which must otherwise be lost to the world, may be preserved and transmitted and multiplied for the enjoyment of thousands. And the point I wish to emphasize is, that music and literature are in precisely the same case in this respect. Literature, like music, is dependent on writing only as a means for its preservation. All its essential qualities, like those of music, are perceived only when it is reproduced as modified sound. And in Stevenson's lines, which we quoted a moment ago, you remember that we found he had

taken a simple statement of fact, which contained truth and interest, and had raised it to the dignity of poetry, by adding a single quality — the quality of beauty. His genius and knowledge of English gave him the power of arranging a few words so that they should not only interest us as they had done before, but should enthral us with a new and added charm. That charm was the charm of sound.

Or to take another example, take this sentence, "So, among the mountains by the winter sea, the sound of battle rolled all day long." There is a statement of fact, a bit of expression, which conveys information and which has interest. But now listen to the same words when Tennyson has added beauty to their thought and emotion:

> "So all day long the sound of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea."

This new beauty is purely a beauty of sound. Tennyson's taste as an artist led him to perceive, when these sixteen words were

so arranged as to produce their greatest charm, their maximum effect upon us.

I must conclude, therefore, that poetry, or literature, is an oral art. And the aspect of it, which appeals to an æsthetic sense, does so, and can only do so, through the harmonious arrangement of melodious words.

If I repeat, then, that it is the inherent characteristic of art to be beautiful and to appeal to our sense of beauty, and, furthermore, that the only way *literature* has of fulfilling this condition and becoming a fine art is by the beauty of the spoken word, I think we may very safely conclude that any composition which fails in this test fails of being literature.

And further, this relation between literature and speech is not only a fundamental one, but its maintenance must have an important effect. Literature is, as it were, only a glorified form of speech, produced with greater care and skill and forethought. The literature of a nation is the quintessence of the

speech of the nation. Think for a moment what sometimes happens when any community becomes detached from the current of civilization; when it becomes isolated and narrow and self-centred. It often happens that these impoverished communities deteriorate rapidly, and that they show mental weakness, moral depravity, physical debasement. Had their speech become as corrupt and inefficient as themselves, you would not have expected literature from such a people.

On the other hand, think of the case of those nations which have reached a high grade of civilization in the world's history. They have always been nations which have bequeathed to us valuable and significant treasures of literature and the plastic arts. Indeed, we have no means of measuring the greatness of a people except by the fine arts it encourages and produces. For the fine arts, as we said, are only the embodiment of man's aspirations and ideals. The surpassing literature of Greece and Rome is a true exponent of the

degree of civilization at which they had arrived. And it is, too, simply a record of their speech. It were surely impossible that Greek poetry and Greek prose should exhibit such qualities of perfection as they do, unless the Greek tongue had first attained those same perfect characteristics, those traits of power and beauty and adequateness of expression.

If we do not admit this and still profess to think there is no relation between speech and literature, we are driven by the force of logic to admit that Shakespeare's plays might quite well have been written by some wise old Chinese philosopher, who was a deaf mute and spent his whole life in a hermit's cell.

If I could acquire a knowledge and use of language such as Stevenson possessed, such as two or three people of my acquaintance possess; if I could know the English tongue with all its shades of meaning and subtle association; if I could use it with readiness, with exactness, with copiousness, with feeling; and if, in addition to this, I could acquire a

beautiful and well-controlled voice, such as one occasionally hears, so that after I knew my words I could make use of them, I should in that case not only be a better educated man, but I should have greater power. I should have given myself the rudiments of a literary education (such as is nowhere provided in our schools or colleges), and I should have fitted myself as a citizen to be one of that intelligently critical public without which the fine arts cannot flourish, cannot, indeed, exist. Moreover, I could fit myself to be an intelligent and sympathetic, though obscure, appreciator of the art of literature in no other way than by these two means.

I do not know how it may be with you, but I cannot recall more than half a dozen people among those I have ever known who possessed this happy degree and kind of culture. If, however, instead of being so rare, speech culture were made prevalent; if such knowledge and power of expression could be made almost universal, consider what a public

we should have! And think how impossible a great mass of our contemporary literature, with its barbarous offences against good taste, its ruthless disregard of beauty, its atrocities against English speech — think how impossible such work would be. Do you think that a wide-spread culture of our own language, a national instinct for exact, flexible, and pleasing speech, would have no influence upon our literature? I find it difficult to imagine a perfected standard of diction and literary mediocrity existing in the same nation at the same time.

(As bearing directly on the question, allow me to quote a fragmentary poem by Richard Hovey, entitled:

"THE GIFT OF ART

"I dreamed that a child was born; and at his birth
The Angel of the Word stood by the hearth
And spake to her that bore him: 'Look without!
Behold the beauty of the Day, the shout
Of colour to glad colour, rocks and trees
And sun and sea and wind and sky! All these

Are God's expression, art-work of His hand,
Which men must love ere they may understand,
By which alone He speaks till they have grace
To hear His voice and look upon His face.
(For first and last of all things in the heart
Of God as man the glory is of art.)
What gift could God bestow or man beseech
Save spirit unto spirit uttered speech?
Wisdom were not, for God Himself could find
No way to reach the unresponsive mind,
Sweet Love were dead, and all the crowded skies
A loneliness and not a Paradise.
Teach the child language, mother. . . .'")

This, then, is the very brief statement of the bearing of speech culture upon literature, as it appears to me; and our investigation closes here. In conclusion, however, I should like to guard against the implication of an overestimate of the value of the fine arts and their importance in life. If one insists on the vital necessity for education in expression, it is not merely to the end that the fine arts may flourish. For though the fine arts are lovely and desirable in themselves, they indicate the

existence of something even more wonderful and desirable — they indicate the presence of an instinct for truth, an instinct for goodness, and an instinct for beauty in the people which produced them. They reveal, as I think we said before, the high degree of civilization which that people had been fortunate enough to reach.

If we give ourselves to the culture of expression, we shall undoubtedly have greater art as a result of that education. But its best result would be the effect upon ourselves; for in the process of that culture, in the calling forth of the capacities which reveal themselves in art, we shall be developing those powers which alone enlighten and ennoble a nation.

On Being Coherent

THERE is a coherence of bodily action, just as there is a coherence of speech. And the one is no less essential than the other, either for expressing our thoughts or accomplishing our wishes.

We commonly speak of a man's utterances being incoherent, meaning by that that they are unintelligible or inarticulate. In the radical sense of the word, of course, we mean that the man's speech does not cohere, does not "hang together," as we say. One part of it has no logical relation with another part.

So in bodily action; many of us are afflicted with an incoherency of motion, and do not relate the different movements or acts of the body. One man has an excellent chest devel-

opment and strong arms, with a miserable pair of legs. Another has good legs and feet, but a weakly upper body; a third, all arms and no back; a fourth, all back and no arms. And these defects our physical training (under the evil influence of college and professional athletics) does little to help. True, the best teachers of physical education are wholly against the sort of training fostered by competition, intercollegiate and international, but public sentiment is too strong for them. The men want the prizes and the victory more than they want wholesome, all-round development. So they continue to overexercise their strong muscles and neglect their weak ones. As a consequence, they lack coherence of strength.

But there is a worse defect, the result of competitive emulation, and that is incoherence of action. Even when a man is well developed, he is very often without prompt and intelligent coherence of action. He has no coördination; does not act as a single being, with his will and mind and muscles at once. If there

is a step to be taken, he steps with his leg alone, the rest of his body having nothing to do with it. If anything is to be lifted from a shelf, he allows his hand and arm to do it, while his body is almost inert. You perceive at once that he is not an alert, complete individual, thoroughly vitalized from top to toe, but rather a bundle of arms and legs and fingers, all equally strong, but all working at haphazard, under separate impulses. There seems to be no central determination, no indwelling and directing purpose. The man has no coherence of muscular action.

If this truth is not obvious in others, it becomes quite clear, I think, when we observe ourselves, and if we note the different ways of doing things. And it is easy, with a little care and training, to note the improvement in ourselves in this matter of physical coördination. It is a means of economy of force and increase of power not to be overlooked. To cultivate physical coherence implies, too, the culture of more than bodily powers. It

implies the culture of the powers of spirit and mind as well. For we cannot improve our physique, in strength, in promptness, in skill, without necessarily improving our faculties of determination and judgment at the same time.

You may be quite sure that a man of slovenly, shambling appearance has a slovenly, careless character; that a sturdy and trim figure houses a reliable being, and so forth. This, of course, we all commonly recognize. But we fail, I think, to act on the truth. We fail to make the further deduction, which is so obvious, that, since person and personality are so closely related, we can educate the one by means of the other. Yet, as a matter of fact, this is the very thing we can do in physical training. By training the person in better modes of motion and carriage and speech, we educate the personality behind it, and give that personality new endowments of graciousness and beauty and charm.

This better education of the individual, indeed, should constitute the aim of physical

training. The mere culture of muscularity or bodily power alone is not enough. And as long as athletics remain the sole end and aim of gymnastics, just so long will they remain in the inferior position they now hold. But gymnastics in education are as important as philosophy, or languages, or science, or the fine arts. And under wise provision, they must come to hold a more and more important position in all curricula of training of the young.

The range of physical culture is not limited, but almost illimitable; and we are only on the threshold of our knowledge in regard to it. Physical culture engenders and develops not only physical coherence, but personal coherence, personal poise and power. It helps forward that perfection of the character for which we are all striving, and helps it as nothing else can. It is the foundation on which all our education must be built. Our bodies in which we live are the media through which we must communicate with others.

All our thoughts and actions, sorrows, joys, and fears, desires and demands, can only be conveyed to our fellows through these bodies we inhabit. We can accomplish nothing without their assistance. It is just as true, too, that all information comes to us through them. To attempt to educate the mind and heart, without educating the body, is more foolish than it would be to give a man all the learning of the ages, and then doom him to solitary confinement for the term of his natural life.

I fancy we have not often enough considered the beauty of a coherent personality. Yet think how powerful it may be! Even in the one realm of the physical personality, how full of power and charm coherent action is! You may see it in a juggler or a tight-rope walker, in exhibitions of great skill and sleight-of-hand, and it never fails to delight and entrance. We cannot all be jugglers; we cannot all be even skilful; but certainly we can all be less slovenly and unwieldy than

we are — and add to the pleasure of life thereby. For life is a good deal like walking up the bed of a rocky stream, after all. You must step always with precision and intelligence, or you break your shins and wet your skin. A wise foot makes an easy journey.

Then, too, is it not coherence of character that makes success? Is it not the power of holding ourselves together, and having an aim, and insisting on one thing at a time, that brings us what we want? The flabby, wobbling, uncertain character accomplishes none of its objects, however determined it may be. There are some people with as little coherence as a jelly-fish — aimless organisms afloat in the tide of circumstance — pulpy nonentities stranded by a single wave, torn asunder at a blow. We must do better than that.

And as our progress in the world is so greatly dependent on this power of just coherence, this pulling of ourselves together, and holding our powers in command, who shall say that the very possibility of a con-

tinued life for the spirit may not depend on something of the same power? If I am content to live and stand and walk and occupy furniture like a mould of blanc-mange on a dish of china, does it seem that I shall be well prepared for immortality? I fancy that when old, familiar, friendly Death came by, he would find in me a mound of glutinous plasticity, nothing more. It must be another sort of coherence which is to stand the test of change and growth and joy.

Giving and Taking

EMERSON, in his essay on "Compensation," says that he had long wished to draw attention to that important law of the universe. Giving and Taking, the law of exchange, is merely a part of compensation.

The capacity for giving and taking is an elemental one. In all nature it seems to be the most primary law of life. The very weathering of rocks means that they receive the sun and frost and rain, absorb them, transmute them by chemic change, and then give off the resultant dust and detritus — infinitesimal portions of themselves to be returned to the great clearing-house of nature.

A grade higher, in the plant world, the exchange is more apparent. The flowers and

trees and grasses, the whole sensitive covering of the earth, taking from the elements and giving to the elements, seem to have no other function than this process of exchange. The living organism of the flower is, we know, endowed with capacities and needs for receiving light and moisture and warmth from the heaven above and the earth beneath. Sunshine and dews and showers and the more solid elements of the ground are received by it and made part of its very composition. It has the power to take of these passing phenomena just so much as it may need and transform it by a secret law into a part and parcel of its own singular beauty. The flower is born after its kind, but hour by hour, day by day, year by year, minute by minute, it is sustaining its life, its individual self, from particular qualities which it takes from its surroundings. And also minute by minute and year after year the flower or the tree is giving again to the world about it something of itself — seeds, perfume, shade, and falling leaves and petals.

Evidently it could not go on for ever, or even for an hour, receiving sap and air and giving out nothing in return. One-half of its nature would be paralyzed; it would begin to die. It would begin to perish just as surely as if it ceased to receive and continued to give. The power of exchange, the power of receiving and giving, is the very vitality of the plant.

This equal law runs on up through the higher grades of created things. The creatures which move over the face of the ground and with conscious desire seek their nourishment here and there are really doing only what the flowers do. They feed on this and that, some on herbage, some on other flesh; they inhale, some by air and some by water, the oxygen they need; they are warmed to what degree their nature requires. Always they are taking from the world about them those elements necessary for their subsistence, and always they are giving back again these elements, after they have transmuted them to

their own use, or rather to their own nature. In growth, in energy, in motion, in deeds, the animal is constantly giving out to the earth about it an equal compensation for all it receives.

How all these processes are carried on, ministering to life from hour to hour, and transmitting that life from generation to generation, we can largely understand. The patient and devout labours of science are daily making it clearer to us. But why they are carried on does not yet appear. Science shows us wonder after wonder of beautiful law and orderly succession, and gives us the clear reason for this or that method of procedure, and yet stands abashed before the final query. Why the beaver should build his house is clear enough. He wishes to survive the iron winter, and his wisdom has contrived that admirable plan of doing so. Why he should wish to survive, no man can tell. I know why I go to market and to the tailor's and to the bookshop, and why I do a hundred things;

it is because I am glad of life. I know that I am glad of life; I know how I am glad of it; but why I am glad of it I do not know. If I knew that, I should know everything, for the What, the How, and the Why are all there is of the universe. It sometimes seems as if we might comprehend the what and the how, the physical and mental, of the universe. But the why, the spiritual, is still hidden.

In man's life certainly, as in the lower manifestations of existence, the law of give and take obtains. And there, as in the sub-human kingdom, that process of transmutation, that change of what we receive into what we bestow, is the essence of life itself. You and I, like our friends the trees and our cousins the creatures, are every moment receiving. We must have air and light and food and water to cast into the crucible of the body and be transformed into blood and bone. Every moment we are parting with some transformed remnant of this matter in exhalations of the lungs, and evapora-

tions from the skin. This is only the grosser and more obvious transformation of matter in which we participate. But there are finer, more delicate changes as well. Our need of rest and activity is the need of chemical change in the tissues of muscle and nerve. And while the changes of circulation and breathing are instant and imperative, the timekeeping rhythms of life, other energizings and recuperations are more leisurely — eating and abstinences, sleeping and waking, for example. In all these operations there is the obvious rhythm, a balancing of receipt and output.

So, too, in a still more intangible way, the impressions we receive are transmuted by our own thought and emotion, and are then given back again to the world in words and looks and actions, as expressions of ourselves; so that expression is nature plus personality. The best thought of the world, the most beautiful art treasures that we have, are the creation of man, no doubt. Yet whence did

they come to him? Did he not first receive them as impressions of the natural world about him? Then having made them his own, he gave them back again. First the taking and then the giving.

Always, through every metamorphic process, we may notice how imperative it is that the rhythm be kept up. Indeed, it is impossible that existence should continue unless both functions are being performed. In the world of organized being there can be no such thing as giving constantly without receiving, for exhaustion and death would follow quickly. On the other hand, there can be no such thing as receiving continually without giving forth again, for death, though more tardy, would be no less sure. Starvation will produce death, but so also will a coat of varnish over the body. In the one case, our power of receiving is interfered with; in the other, our power of giving. Life is a stream for ever flowing through these fragile and diaphanous shapes of ours.

Just so, too, our spiritual or intellectual life is always fleeting, passing, renewing itself. I am myself for a few years or decades; but I am not the same without change for two moments together. And the obvious thought to be derived from this physical life is, that in the higher as well as in the material existence there must always imperatively be a balance of giving and taking, perceiving and expressing. It is this thought which shows us the folly of greed, the absurd ambition which so easily besets us to possess everything which pleases us. Do you wish to own a whole museum of beautiful objects? Do you not see that, according to the laws of life, you could never keep these things for yourself? You would have to give them away again in one way or another. What you really need, that you may take, and that no one can keep from you. Do you think the one success in life is to receive and have? Under the pinch of hunger and cold, it seems to you that death through poverty is the only horror in the

world to be guarded against. It seems to you that those who have devoted all the splendid energies of man to receiving and acquiring alone are the fortunate ones of the earth. You think that what is called wealth is the one thing needful. But if you look a second time, and consider all the persons of affluence whom you know, and all those whom you see in public places, you will perceive that many of them are dying as certainly as the destitute, perishing of inertia, a dyspepsia of body and spirit. And because they are so mistaken, those poor, unhappy, fat people, trundled uselessly by in their carriages are as deserving of your pity as the beggar on the sidewalk.

Between giving and taking lies the nice poise or calm which is the gladness of life itself, perhaps.

The Secret of Art

AS in Homer's line, " Many are the tongues of mortals, but the speech of the immortals is one," so the secrets of the artist are many, but there is only one secret of art. Lacking that, we may spend lifelong toil in the pursuit of perfection; we may master a brilliant technique and compass the profoundest thought; the architecture of our work may be sound and its finish flawless; none the less without the secret it will be futile. We may heed every tradition, follow every hint of written or unwritten lore; yes, and we may even fling every accepted creed of our craft to the four winds, and build anew with the intuitive instinct we call originality, so that we will endure awhile, filling all eyes with wonder and every mouth with praise, and yet

we will fail ultimately if the secret was not in our heart.

There is a sort of greatness about a true masterpiece that makes itself felt we hardly know how, that moves us we do not know why; just as there is a sort of greatness about some men, which compels an unreserved enthusiasm and loyalty toward them. It is the quality which endears people to us. This man may be brave and irreproachable; that one may be clever to bewilderment; yet, if they are not lovable, we meet them and part without regret. They convince us, and charm, and even win; yet a moment later we are left as cold as before. Here may be a play, or a book, or an exhibition of pictures, which is the talk of the town, and which dazzles the sense with its novel beauty; yet somehow, while drawing our utmost commendation and provoking not a single palpable criticism, it never stirs us from the centre of our being. We sit in approving calm, even with generous applause, unwarmed, unfired.

But show me, perhaps, ever so hasty a sketch of gray morning, a half-finished scrap of purple sea-beach, or a couple of stanzas like

> "Under the wide and starry sky,
> Dig my grave and let me lie,"

or, —

> "The year's at the spring,
> The day's at the morn,"

and just because it has the echo of the secret in it, I shall never recall it without a quickening joy. It has entered in to be a part of me for ever; and whatever I do, whatever I say, will have in it some minute reverberation of the echo of that secret.

What quality of art can it be, so magical, so vague, so strong? You must ask first what quality it is in men. For art is no more than the universal speech of humanity; and whatever taint there is in a character will be betrayed in the voice; though only the wise know this. What quality is it in the personality that makes it most memorable to its fel-

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lows? A man to be remembered must have endeared himself to men. He will not be remembered for wealth, nor power, nor wit, unless he have used it beneficently, winning regard as he won command. So you may say love is the secret of art, as it is the secret of life.

To be inevitable (in our recent phrase), to have the inescapable magic, this is the aim of the artist. If you analyze this strange potency, it seems to resolve itself into the essence of endearment. It is, as we say, the heart of the matter; it draws our attachment, our unreasoned devotion, our love. There are, of course, works of mediocre value, which enlist the crudest affections, and yet are patently false and worthless to the better judgment; but I do not mean these watery sentimental things. I am speaking of the rare achievements of art, such as came from the hands of Blake and Corot and Wordsworth. Think, for instance, of that beautiful lyric:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high o'er vales and hills."

You would not say that it embodied a very common human sentiment; you would say it is rather a poem for the cultivated. And yet, I think, the quality in it which holds us, the indwelling spirit behind that bewitching mask of words, is the spirit of love. The heart of the man, one is sure, must have been greatly moved before he could speak so. And we, in our turn, are greatly moved under the spell of that wizard cadence. At first it might seem a mere trick of the senses, a skill in accents, the craft of melodious syllables. It is more than that. We say it is intensity or lyric ardour. But no craftsmanship, however cunning, can match that volatile charm, nor arrest the fleeting glamour of such lines. Yet surely, if the wonder worker were only a master of skill and no more, his intricacies could be studied and his secret caught. But no, strive as we may, there is no imitation of consummate art possible. You can no more

make a new poem which shall be Wordsworth's, than you can make a new man out of clay.

The secret of art and the secret of nature are one — the slow, patient, absorbing, generous process of love — sustaining itself everywhere on loveliness and life, and remanifesting itself afresh in ever new forms of vitality and loveliness. It is because of this quality, and in proportion to this quality that we value every shred of art, and are at such pains to preserve it. By the simplest natural law, humanity cares for those things which ameliorate its lot, and lets go in the long run everything that hurts or retards it. If a man is mean or cruel or false or self-absorbed, his force and cleverness may still carry him far; indeed he may come to great eminence in fame and power. The deep, foolish, blind heart of goodness in man is deluded by his display. But by and by, in the advance of thought, he will be forgotten, because his unit of influence was never for the best, was never

needful for sustaining the world. In the enlargement of aspiration in man, whatever hinders that development will be abandoned. We shall not be fooled for ever. And he only is on the winning side, who can see in the march of history a laborious trail cut through the underbrush of experience from darkened valley to sunlit crest, who can perceive whither the blind by-paths led the lost adventurers, and who will hold resolutely to that steep road — the prevailing undoubtful trend of truth.

Of nations you may say the same, and of art you may say the same. There have been unnecessary tribes that have perished in their inutility, because in the large wise scope of progress, in the preservation of the fair and the good, they had no part to play. And in art, which is only the embodiment of the hope of the world, all that was petty or self-centred has perished and is perishing from day to day. It has endured for awhile; it has pleased us by its cleverness, or beguiled us

by its charm, when we have been too near to understand its tendency. With man's avidity for truth and goodness (in spite of a monstrous inertia), he is ready to follow the wildest departures which promise more light and a liberation from wrong. But as these prove unavailing, he will leave them for others. The history of art, like the history of man, is a jungle full of blind trails leading nowhither; and you will find they were abandoned because they did not lead toward goodness, toward what was good for man; because they did not make toward the spaciousness and freshness of truth.

Long ago, of course, art was more simple and unconscious than it has since become; and the devout soul of the artist dwelt in his deft fingers. It was impossible for him to do anything without conviction; he had never heard of technique; and the pride of barren skill had not been born. The man and his work were one. This is not to say that consummate care for workmanship, and untiring

diligence for perfection, are wrong; it is merely to say that between the soul and the body of art there can be no divorce — that each is necessary, and neither can survive alone.

Is modern art frivolous, vapid, unmanly? Pray who made it so? Any art is just as great as the age that produced it. And for my part I do not believe that art can fail any more than I believe that speech can cease, or nature withhold her changing seasons. If we are fallen on paltry times, as some would have us believe, let us change the times. The earth is just as fair and beautiful and generous as it ever was; and we are coming to understand it better than our fathers could. Let us love it as well. Have done with falsehood and greed, and the millennium will begin to-morrow, with paradise in your own dooryard. There is no other spirit in which life can be made worth while, and there is no other secret of a great art.

A Canon of Criticism

IT has always been a difficult problem with critics how to redeem criticism from the mere vagaries of personal whim and reduce it to the orderly dignity of a science. It is easy for the man of cultivated taste to say, "this pleases me," or, "that seems to me unlovely;" and the great mass of our current criticism has no other logic. In an estimate of art, we are dependent on just such arbitrary judgments of critics — honest opinions, indeed, but without any philosophic basis. Now how are we to improve upon these *obiter dicta?* Is there no sound canon of criticism to be substituted for this haphazard method of judging a work of art?

To answer these questions we had better

ask ourselves again for the thousandth time, What is the nature and purpose of the fine arts? In the first place, it will recur to us, the fine arts are a natural product of human imagination finding expression in various forms through various media. Such a product inevitably embodies the characteristics of the creative impulse to which it owes its origin; and if we would inquire what are the invariable and inevitable essentials of art, — of all the arts, of music, poetry, painting, and the rest, — we must ask what are the invariable and inevitable characteristics of human nature. For whatever features human nature presents, we shall surely find in any work of human nature. Now one of the most salient features of human nature is this, that it has not one but three distinct ways of appreciating the outer world. It perceives things about it by means of the senses; it apprehends certain stated facts as true and others as false; and it looks on the universe always with a partial spirit — has preferences and likes and

desires. To put it in plain terms, we are made up of body, mind, and spirit, indissolubly linked together.

Now not only will all art, therefore, show traces of this threefold nature of man; it will, in its turn, appeal to man in each of these three ways. Art must convince our reason, it must enlist our sympathy, it must charm our sensuous nature.

To accomplish the first of these objects art must be true — true to life, as we say. It must preserve such a semblance of reality that even when it is incredible we shall be half-inclined to believe it. And this verity, on which so-called realists insist so strongly, while it is not the end of art, is certainly the beginning. More than this, the subject-matter of art must be truth. No art can be worth while which makes no attempt to satisfy the curious mind of man.

To accomplish its second purpose, the arousing of our emotions, art must itself be impassioned. However profoundly true an

artist's convictions may be, however wise his philosophy, however comprehensive his acquaintance with science, he will for ever fail to engender the stir of action in his fellow men, if he cannot impart warmth to his productions and the vital force of love, or hate, or fear, or courage, or wonder, or whatever passion he will. So that looking upon his work, we may admire his skill, and agree with his conclusions about life, but we shall never be really influenced, nor be moved to alter our own conduct a hair's breadth on that account. And his work, though brilliant, will be faulty and futile.

To accomplish its third purpose and bring us palpable pleasure, art must be beautiful; this is the business of technique. And while this requisite is likely to be overemphasized by the artist himself, it is quite as likely to be undervalued by the layman.

This is particularly the case in our own day in regard to art. A distracted and uncertain age, astonished with the many revelations of

science, must necessarily find itself engrossed more with the matter than with the form of art. We demand of art an answer to our innumerable problems. This answer it is part of the business of art to give. But in our haste we forget that no answer, however conclusive to our reason, which is not at the same time consummate in expression and stirring with ardour, can ever be final. We ask what literature has to say, and care very little how it is said; in fact, we demand from literature what more strictly belongs to science. And since poetry is the one sort of literature in which the form is made of equal importance with the substance, we are inclined to be indifferent to poetry altogether.

But the temper of any period is, perhaps, never wholly perfect; it always shows a bias in one direction or another. One age may insist on the excellence of the physical, the necessary element of sensuous enjoyment, the paramount need for beauty in the world; the next may insist quite as strenuously on the

eternal dominance of spiritual and religious qualities in life; while the third is engrossed with eager thought, with science, with metaphysics. So that at no time do we have mankind engaged in the effort to establish a balance between these three diverse yet inseparable phases of our nature. And yet that is the one thing we must attempt if we would help ourselves forward on the interminable pathway of perfection.

When we shall have established the worthiness of such an ideal, when we shall have begun to make it prevail among men, then we shall have at hand not only a canon of criticism, but a canon of conduct and culture as well. Even now we may begin to apply such a standard of criticism to every kind of art, indeed to all our civilization, whenever we have need to bring any work within the range of judgment. We shall no longer be slaves of personal caprice, dependent wholly on our individual point of view, often all the more vehement because it is irrational.

Nothing human, indeed, will be alien to us, but, on the other hand, nothing human will seem excellent which does not make at least some pretence to represent human nature in its entirety, which does not tend to foster and encourage that threefold ideal. Men and manners, art, industry, and religion, every guise in which our activity shows itself on this earth, will be subject to this unique irrefutable canon.

If a new and deservedly popular novel comes up for discussion, we shall say of it, perhaps: "Yes, it has great beauty and strength; it moves us profoundly; and yet, after all, it does not give us any sound or comprehensive judgment upon life; it is ineffectual in its philosophy." Here would be an instance of a work of art lacking on the mental side. Or again it might have a different fault. It might be profoundly keen and discriminating in its psychology, stirring in its appeal to our sympathy, and yet after all so slovenly and ill done as to be wholly

wanting in beauty. There would be an instance of neglect of the physical side of art.

So, too, of a painting or a statue or a piece of music, our first question must always be, How does it respect the great law of normal human development, how nearly does it come to representing normal poise? Of human character, also, when we come to discuss its merits and defects, we shall be able to say, this one was at fault here, another was at fault there, because of a lack of force, or a lack of emotion and will, or a lack of reasoning capacity.

It is the business of art to charm and entertain us; it is the business of art to move and inspire and ennoble us; and lastly it is the business of art to enlighten us. To see that art does this is the business of criticism.

Realism in Letters

THE question of realism in art after all must surely be one of quantity and proportion. Every one must agree that a certain amount of realism is needed; the difficulty is only to know how much. That art must be an image of nature goes without saying. It is the business of art to create a mimic world in which we may take delight. The features of that world must in the main resemble those of our own old and well-loved universe, else we should be set to wander through a country so strange that we should soon be lost.

Perhaps our first pleasure in art is a childish delight at its verisimilitude. "How true to life," we exclaim, as the eye recognizes in the human creation a likeness to something

in the outward world. Unmitigated realism would in truth give us nothing else. And the pleasure which a great many people get from current fiction and contemporary art depends on having this very simple and childish sense gratified. They like stories about places that are familiar to them, and concerning types of character entirely within their range of comprehension. Anything exceptional and unusual demands an effort of the imagination before it can be appreciated; and this effort the average mind is unwilling to make, — so lethargic and timid are we for the most part in facing the unknown.

But the best art and literature are always exceptional. There is always a quality of adventure in them. They represent the courageous daring of the artist in creating new forms, in propounding new truths, in establishing newer and nobler standards of conduct and enjoyment. They reflect the progress of humanity. Not only that; they foretell and direct progress. All the ideals which

humanity has put in practice with so much pains and toil were first enunciated by the artist, and by him presented to us in alluring and intelligible shape. It is never enough, and it never has been enough, that the arts should give us only images of things we know, and proclaim accepted truths. They have always had another trend as well; they have always been employed in expressing novel truths, no less important than the old, and in clothing those truths in new forms no less beautiful than the older forms to which we have been accustomed.

Art and literature, therefore, have never been mere copies of nature; they have always contained the element of novelty, — a novelty more radical and profound than the fortuitous variations of nature. The forms of nature are, indeed, beautiful, varied, and satisfying; and the forms of art must have these qualities, too. At the same time they must have much greater flexibility and power of adaptation than the forms of nature. Nature,

so far as we can observe, proceeds by a law so stable as to seem unchanging. The growth of man proceeds in the guidance of a questing and illimitable imagination. So that the settled and infinitely deliberate procedure of nature will not serve his restless purposes at all. Unless he can add thought to nature, — unless he can introduce imagination and forethought and invention and hope and aspiration into life, — how much better is he than the creatures?

Now whatever comes under the head of art, whether literature or painting, music or sculpture or acting or architecture, being the expression of man, must reflect his inward life, — his words and thoughts, his instant desires and his far-off hopes or fears. If art were no more than an imitation of nature in faithful guise, it would surely never have been born. Certainly it could never have attained any exalted place in our esteem such as we have accorded it; nor could it have wielded that incalculable influence which we know it

has always possessed. It is only because art and literature are supernatural that they pull at our hearts for ever. It is only because they partake at times of the superhuman, deriving an inspiration we know not whence, that they offer us an unfailing source of refreshment and power. They embody for us average men and women suggestions for a life more fair and perfect than ever occurred to us. They not only indicate an existence more worthy and beautiful than our own, they actually portray it. That is why we enjoy them; and that is the only reason that we enjoy them without satiety. Once given the perilous gift of self-consciousness, the large slow contentment of nature is no longer possible. We must have ideals, however faulty, and beliefs and opinions, however erroneous. These beliefs and ideals it has always been the destiny of art to embody. That is the one great business of art. And as our beliefs and ideals grow with our growth, they find new housing for themselves first of all in the arts.

Realism, then, is essential, but it is not everything. The Palace of Art is built to house a more admirable company than any of our present acquaintance. The members of that company may even seem at times almost more than human. And yet they must remain like ourselves, and the Palace must remain a possible palace, else we lose interest. The soul can only be touched with emulation by what comes within range of its own power. Art must be realistic, or it will have no hold on our interest; it must be more than realistic, or it will not be able to make that hold permanent. It must present the ideal at least as vividly as it does the real, for the one is as important as the other.

As we go about this lovely world, scenes and incidents attract us and enchant us for a moment or for longer. And these scenes we delight to recall. We travel, and we bring home photographs of the places we have visited, reminders of our happy hours. It would seem that nothing could be more faithful than

these mechanically accurate reproductions of the face of nature. And yet they are not wholly satisfying; a fleeting glimpse preserved in a sketch in pencil or water-colour may be far more satisfactory. The photograph reproduces a hundred details which the eye missed when it first came upon the scene; and at the same time misses the charm and the atmosphere with which we ourselves may have endowed the place as we gazed upon it. The sketch, on the other hand, omits these details, just as our eye omitted them originally, and yet preserves the atmosphere of our first delighted vision. Can it be said then that the photograph is more true than the painting? More true to the object, yes; but not more true to our experience of the object. And that is the important thing; that is what art must always aim at.

The Note of Gladness

THERE is some inherent reason for the rightness of joy in art. It holds its place there by a title even more inalienable than its title to a place in actual life. There is reason, too, for a belief in joy as the core and essence of good art, as the one ingredient most needful. For joy is, as it were, the last grain to turn the balance; it makes all the difference between success and failure, between life and death. Joy, mere gladness in living, is the tiny increment which keeps life dominant and sane. When that is taken from us, we are left to slow or swift disintegration, disaster, dejection, and death.

Of all the good gifts which ever came out of the wallet of the Fairy Godmother, the gift of natural gladness is the greatest and best. It is to the soul what health is to the

body, what sanity is to the mind, — the test of normality. The most fortunate of mortals are those whom Nature has endowed with a wholesome power of assimilating life, just as she endows her field-bred children with a good digestion. A quick and ready appetite for life, a capacity for smiling contentment, and a glad willingness, are the great things, — these and courage. For after all life needs courage, long-enduring, stubborn, unflinching courage. The bare problem of life is so difficult, the fine art of living so well-nigh impossible, that surely no man yet can ever have looked at it with realization without a sudden terror at heart. Yet there is laid upon us all the prime duty of joy, the obligation to be glad, the necessity for happiness.

In spite of pain and failure and weariness and exhaustion, happiness is still our business, the one thing to be attained and maintained at all risks and costs. It is not cheap, cannot be bought in the open market, is not to be confused with the pleasure of the moment,

which is often only distraction. Sometimes the Great Vender says to us: "Would you buy happiness? Very sorry, sirs, but happiness is particularly scarce to-day. The crop is not overplenty this season. Here is some pleasure, however, much cheaper and almost as good. We sell a great deal of it. Many of our customers prefer it to the genuine article. May I put you up a sample?"

Now, woe be to you, beauteous mortal, if you listen to that strain. Against that fallacious but alluring speech you are to set your face for ever like a rock. Have happiness or nothing. How are you to know the false from the true, do you ask? Well, we are provided with an instinct in that direction, and you will find it is not easy to deceive yourself for long with any specious counterfeit of joy. True happiness differs from pleasure in being more thorough, complete, and indubitable. We are so constituted for it, so dependent on it, and so immemorially nourished by it, that the substitution is palpable at once. Happiness

is really a complete poise of being, and comes upon us only when we have secured a measure of health, a measure of certitude of mind, and a measure of rectitude of conduct. So small a thing can overturn it! A little overtaxing of the physical powers, a little misuse of any faculty, a little deflection from the ways of kindliness, sincerity, frankness, and all our balance and self-poise may be undone, all our modest store of happiness scattered to the air.

Now, whatever the strange element of sadness or evil may be in the great universe, it seems that all men and women may be divided into two great classes, — the majority, which is always for progress and assurance and glad certainty about life, and the minority, which is full of trepidation and fear and gloomy foreboding. We each of us belong to the one party or the other, the successful or the unsuccessful, the brave or the timid, the happy or the sad. It is an innate difference, a prenatal endowment, possibly; as if from the first we had been destined for the one faction

of humanity or the other, — the great majority or the great minority, the joyous or the sorry-hearted. Yet much may be achieved by culture, and we must never capitulate to the odious doctrine of original depravity.

There are in art also, which is no more than an image and reflection of life, two main trends, — the greater trend toward gladness and faith and strength, and the lesser trend toward sorrow and doubt and decay. To the one belong the masters, to the other the minor craftsmen. A minor poet or a minor painter, as it seems to me, is not essentially minor because of the slightness of his gift, but because of its timorous and uncertain quality. And the big men are big because they have the gift of gladness. Or is that they are glad and well assured because they are big? Sure it is, in any case, that the two phenomena appear together.

And that, too, is natural, for on the principle that to him that hath shall be given, the strong acquire strength, the glad acquire new

gladness, taking these treasures from their weaker fellows. So the great, glad, strong world, the vast majority, cares most for strength, for sanity, for gladness in art and letters, as it does in life; while the utterances of sorrow and the voices of doubt are obscured and lost. We care in the long run only to preserve the work of the masters; while the work of the minor artists, however charming, passes with its age.

True, there is always a note of wistfulness in art, as there is in life; and it must be present even in the strongest, gladdest utterances, else they could have no profound hold upon us. The great works of art and literature are those which represent life in its entirety, with its dominant desires and joys, indeed, but with its heaviness and sorrow and dejection as well. Any piece of art which should be wholly given over to the predominance of animal spirits, or of unmitigated joyousness, with no trace of the tedium of time or the bleak loneliness of the soul, could have no abiding claim

to universal regard. It could not speak to universal man in his common tongue. For joy, after all, is aristocratic; and those immortal teachers on whom the world has loved to lean have also been well versed in the democracy of sadness. They have taught us that it is a prime duty of the heart to rejoice, yet they themselves have ever known how hard that duty is.

So in art, in letters, those who teach us through means of beauty have always left a trace of sorrow in their work, which else had been hardly human. They have felt, perhaps, the sublime faith which is unperturbed in the face of the enormous riddle; they have been sure of the ultimate triumph of reason, of beauty, of goodness; but they have been aware, also, of the terribleness of actual ugliness and evil. And through their admonitions to gladness, their helpful assurances to bravery and effort, there has always sounded the undernote of human pathos — the ground tone of mortality.

These are the great ones, these are the masters, these are they to whom we must turn for consolation and counsel. They have known and suffered life even as ourselves, and yet they have been able to endure and to smile. Their *dicta* about life, therefore, are infinitely valuable in this difficult task of living. And I think it behooves us, in however small a way we may be called on to serve the world in art, to follow so far as we can their splendid examples of gladness and courage. Let the burden of sadness be what it may, let the final solution seem never so impossible, let our spirits be submerged in all but utter despair, there yet remains the obligation which none may escape, — to bear witness to a still more universal truth, to testify to a gladness in life underlying all our sorrows. We may not be able to hold it, or call it ours, or give expression to any of its phases; our own destiny may preclude that; none the less must we acknowledge its overlordship, and admit that doubt and sorrow are merely of the moment.

Sanity and Art

A FRIEND of mine, a man of far more than ordinary culture and depth of thought, said to me recently that he didn't believe the healthy normal man would write poetry; that in health the strong rational human being is so happy that he does not need to find expression in any of the fine arts; to be alive and to do some useful necessary work is enough for him. And Stevenson, somewhere, I think in one of his letters, throws out the hint that possibly art, after all, may be the result of a diseased condition.

Naturally every follower of the fine arts will be up in arms at such a suggestion. He will repudiate the idea of anything abnormal or less than manly in the occupation he loves so well. The imputation of insanity attaching to genius is one that has gained some cre-

dence through Lombroso and Nordau, and has ranged the world of thinking people into two camps. Probably the truth lies midway between them.

For, in the first place, it would seem that both Lombroso and Nordau are extremists, and very often the simplest aspects of a case are contorted in support of their own view. They themselves are not quite balanced; their single idea has run away with them. But let us ask what are the aims of writing and the fine arts, and what are the conditions under which they are produced.

Roughly speaking, the aim and business of the fine arts is to represent life. Not merely to reproduce the most exact image or picture of life, but to reproduce it with something added. That something is the personal quality of the artist himself, his thoughts and feelings about life. If, then, we consider the whole body of art, all the product of the literatures and fine arts of all peoples, we may say that it is a very fair representation of life,

and in every case a fair representation or revelation of the different races as well. Not only will each nation record the life of the world as it existed then and there; it will also reveal its own bias of judgment and emotion about that life. Also the art of a nation will fail here and there, just as life fails; but in the long run it will not fail; it will form a faithful counterpart and picture, so far as it goes, of the life of that nation.

Now the question arises, How can anything so trustworthy be the product of insanity? Sanity surely implies a capacity for seeing things as they are, and if art is born of insane conditions, it must in the long run represent things as they are not. If the fine arts are the product of insanity, then truly is man following a vain shadow.

For the fine arts have always embodied for men, not only reflections about life, but aspirations and ideals. Art has held the mirror up to nature; but it has always been a magic mirror, a mirror of the artist's own make, in

which we might behold the world truly and accurately, but with a certain glamour or bloom added. It has shown us very truly what life is, but it has also shown us what life might become. There has ever been a prophetic quality in art. It has always been able to foreshadow standards of conduct and culture; and civilizations have always tended to make themselves over, to grow and develop, on the lines of progress laid down by their poets, seers, and artists. How, then, can we possibly admit that art is sprung from insanity? Would it not be nearer the truth to say that art is one of the most sane and normal things in the world?

This being so, if it be so, what excuse have we for saying that genius is touched with insanity; that the artist is never quite a normal being; or that art is the product of disease, and the healthy man would, after all, never wish to write or paint or make music? Can there be the least foundation for such a conclusion?

I believe there is art which is born of unwholesome conditions; and I believe there is writing which is certainly not the product of perfect sanity; but I do not believe that the best writing and the best art are so produced. Any of the arts requires in those who profess it an amount of technical skill which is very exacting. Naturally, therefore, all art, or at least every fine art, very easily tends to specialization.

In primitive and simple times the fine arts would not be so far divorced from common life as they are now. Being in the first place merely means of expressing universal sorrow or joy, love or hate, hope or fear, they would be used by every one. But gradually, as one or another individual in a community gained facility and power and unusual excellence as a poet or a musician, he would devote himself exclusively to that fascinating pursuit. And so well was he esteemed, that, like our friend Ung in the ballad, he need do nothing but make songs and music. He need share no

longer in the most ordinary and necessary work of the world. Now there is, of course, in such specialization an element of danger. The man highly specialized is a variant, not a normal type. We should logically conclude, then, that the artist or the writer who is too exclusively engrossed in his art is not the person from whom the best work is to be expected. His art may be so overladen with technique that the great human emotions may be lost. The man has been swallowed up in the artist.

I believe a critical consideration of art and letters, with this point in view, would bear out the conclusion. We should find that the great works of art and literature, the works which the world has cared to preserve with loving gratitude, have been produced by men whose interest in life was greater than their interest in their art. They were men first and artists afterward. Technically speaking, there have been many English poets far superior to Shakespeare.

The truth is, therefore, that art is not the product of a diseased condition in the individual, but rather the product of great sanity and normal health; at the same time the over-zealous and ill-regulated devotee of art may very easily run himself into an abnormal state bordering on disease.

There is in all this, if I am not mistaken, a wholesome case of instruction for the artist, and a very palpable warning against over-exclusive devotion to a single line of development. It is so easy in an enthusiasm for art to be careless about all else; so easy to neglect a due culture of all our powers; so easy to push our development in a single direction until we lose poise and become warped and distorted through specialization. A great care for our art, yes; but an exclusive and slavish devotion to it, by no means! The man must be greater than the artist; and when this is not so, only a second-rate art can be the result. So that if you are a writer or a painter or make music your mistress, it is of the ut-

most importance that you should be something of an athlete and a philosopher as well. For the art of a people must provide the moral aims and æsthetic ideals for that people; it must, therefore, be the product of the very best spirits and minds of the race.

Upon no other class in a community, then, does the obligation of noble living rest with so unremitting a strain as on its artists, its writers and painters, its architects and music-makers. Only great sanity can give birth to great art. Sanity of mind, sweetness of temper, strength of physique; an insatiable curiosity for the truth at all costs; an unswerving loyalty to manly goodness in the face of all difficulties; and an unashamed love of beauty in every guise; these are some of the prime qualities which go to make an artist.

It almost seems that to be an artist one must first attain a perfect personality. That is difficult. But then art is a difficult matter; it is nothing less than the embodiment of perfection.

The Creative Spirit



IT is not only in letters and the arts that we must look for manifestations of the creative spirit, but in the more usual activities of life as well. Otherwise we are in danger of misconceiving the character of literature, and making the arts seem hardly an essential feature of our civilization. If we would have the arts to flourish, we must insist on recognizing their inherent vitality in the common life of the nation. If we would make literature that shall be worthy of the name, we must ourselves be convinced that it is something more than an artificial amusement with no real hold on the heart of a people.

The creative spirit appears not less in life

than in letters. Indeed it appears a hundred times more actively and easily there; for our national life at the beginning of this twentieth century, be it what it may, is nothing but the result of that spirit working in the channel most natural to it. In our time and generation the channel through which the creative spirit most readily finds vent is the practical one, the industrial and commercial one. It is true the creative spirit has always found these different avenues for itself, through which it would attempt to reach perfection and completely realize its ideal. The Time Spirit is the creative spirit, and as it moves through the ages it accomplishes itself in various ways, producing not the beauties of the arts alone, but the multitudinous revelations of common life as well.

It is through the creative spirit that we know ourselves a part of that which is abiding in the universe, which underlies the eternal fluidity of change, and for ever repeats itself in the guise of myriad forms. In the

early spring flowers, in the luxuriance of harvest, in the reddening fruits of autumn, in the leaves of the pine, in the flux of the laborious tide, in the floating mist over the mountain crest, the creative spirit lives and moves and has its being — as in the doubting, hoping, eager, unaging heart of man. No small portion of our sympathy with nature is no doubt an instinctive recognition of this power in ourselves, this capacity for creation. As the beliefs of an older pantheism peopled groves and trees and rivers, each with its own divinity, so our latest convictions endow the universe with a single personality revealed in innumerable modes and aspects. Whether the divine activity finds vent for itself through the right hand of a painter, or in the unfolding of a fern, is a difference of circumstance — not a difference of power. In each instance the creative spirit is seeking fulfilment.

Both in art and in nature the conditions under which the creative spirit works are the same; the laws through which alone it can

operate are in their foundations the same. Man, the workman in the world, is a pygmy creator. It matters not at all whether he draws or digs or makes music or builds ships, in the work of his hands is the delight of his heart, and in that joy of his heart lurks his kinship with his own Creator, from whom, through the obedient will and plastic hand of the artist, all art and beauty are derived.

The condition under which creation takes place is invariably threefold; for the simple reason that the creature represents the creator, and the creator himself is characterized by a threefold nature.

The universe presents itself to us as potentially beautiful, or moral, or true, according to our point of appreciation. Considered merely in the light of reason, things are either true or false; judged by the heart, we think them goodly or evil; while to our senses they appear either fair or ugly. If we are thus aware of the world about us, much more keenly are we aware of a similar threefold

consciousness within ourselves. So the deed partakes of the doer, the work of the worker, the thought of the thinker. It is no empty metaphor to say of a work of art that it lacks soul; since the thing may indeed be wanting in that direction, just as it may be insufficiently supplied with charm or with reasonableness; and all three qualities are essentially requisite. Only when they coexist in nearly equal proportion is perfection, or anything approaching perfection, possible in a work of art.

The good artist comes to his work equipped with an unusual delicacy of the senses, so that he is alive to every shade of beauty in the outward world. He comes to his work with an unusual depth of feeling, too — with an intense emotional nature, capable of great sympathy, great loving-kindness, and great force of character. And lastly, he comes to his work with a keen understanding of life and nature, and a breadth of intellectual culture beyond that of most men. With a per-

sonality naturally well balanced in these three ways, and thoroughly cultivated by careful attention to each aspect of his character, he is ready to receive the inspiration of the Spirit which brooded upon the face of the waters, and to hear the Word which was in the beginning.

Not otherwise, for all our striving, can the greatest work be accomplished; and even the humblest result of the unknown craftsman, wherever a trace of excellence exists, shows some evidence of this poise of powers, this divine triplicate balance of forces.

The artist is enamoured of life, absorbed in its colour, its variety, its drenching beauty; and always a love of life, a love of nature, a love of his fellows, gives him elation, happiness, and courage; while at the same time he is capable of sitting unmoved in meditation before the passing spectacle of existence, and observing it in the white cold light of science. Unflinching logic, unbounded love, unmitigated delight, any one of which in excess

alone would quickly work the ruin of a personality, will, when duly balanced in one fortunate person, operate together for the happiest issue of that life. Only from such an individuality may we expect significant and enduring achievement in art.

From such considerations a scheme of education for the artist is easily deducible. And since he is only the normal man seeking an outlet for activity in one direction rather than in another, we gain at the same time a useful criterion for education in general. It is not enough that the artist should be trained in technique; that is the least of his requirements. We must ensure him the sound mind in the sound body, and, one may add, the loving heart as well. He must be made strong, agile, deft, alert, sensible to impressions; he must be given the open mind which loves lucidity; he must be imbued with the sweetness of temper, gracious as the morning yet perdurable as the hills.

To such a man the work of his own hands

is a constant pleasure; his passage through the world an entrancing revelation; and his comradeship with men and women an untarnished happiness.

The Critical Spirit

WE are apt to think of criticism as something very unimportant, and to offer it the merest tolerance as the pastime of leisurely scholars and visionaries, with no bearing on daily life. But the power of the press is very largely a critical power, wielding a direct influence on all our undertakings in art, in politics, in religion, in affairs. And this consideration alone should convince us that criticism comes within the range of what we call practical concerns.

Criticism resembles original creation in that it has both a scientific and an artistic side. It is scientific so far as it has to do with the analysis of phenomena, the collecting and arrangement of data, the discovery and eluci-

dation of principles, and the exposition of the natural laws of art. It is artistic, in that its purpose is to offer its conclusion to the student with as much convincing grace and polish as may be. It is not merely the part of criticism to investigate the achievements of art, and to record the result of those investigations in a bare tabulation of fact; it is equally its business, surely, to win men to an allegiance to the beautiful, to direct them courteously. It is not enough that we should be brought face to face with all the best interpretations of nature and humanity. It is needful that they be made clear, convincing, luminous, intelligible.

This is very nearly the service art renders us with respect to life and nature. That famous saying of Arnold's, "Poetry is a criticism of life," is a concise statement of the same idea. It was never intended, I take it, for a definition of poetry, yet it expresses very aptly one aspect and function of all art. And this, without in the least implying anything

like didacticism, or the dreary obligations of a so-called moral purpose. Even the most faithful reproductions of realism are hardly impersonal utterances. They cannot but betray the critical standpoint of their author, however dispassionate he may be. If they are revolting and painful in their bleak veracity, they speak, perhaps, for his pious indignation at some hideous wrong, some social injustice, some piteous tragedy of existence; and we may go our ways, the better for his wholesome though disagreeable lesson. If they are engrossed, even to the point of tediousness, with the familiar, the common, or the dull, unrelieved by any spice of romance, unheightened by any touch of extraneous beauty, they are still, it may be, so many expressions of a serene and humane personality, perceiving good everywhere and implicitly declaring the worth of life. Let him be as literal, as uncompromising, as he will, his temperament and philosophy are still inevitably revealed on every page. Not a word is traced on

paper, not a colour laid to canvas, but carries some hint of the delineator's hand. The artist's identity is patent in his work, his accent lurks in every line, his features look from every phrase. And at the last, whether he intend it or not, his collected work will form a commentary, or at least a foot-note, to the great book of nature.

There it lies, this green volume of the earth, the dark sea on one page, the dark forested hills on the other, and the creamy margin of shore between, with a ribbon of surf to mark the place. And there you may read to your heart's content; the story will never be finished, nor the interest flag, till you drop the task some night for very weariness, and your candle goes out with a puff of wind. But while the brief light lasts, and your strength holds out, how enthralling a book it is. What legendry and science, what song and story. The obscure records of the mountains and the tides, the shifting pictures of clouds and ruffling forests and changing fields from year

to year; the multitudes of the living trees and grasses, and last, most wonderful of all, the perishable talking tribes of men. And then to think, before this volume how many students have sat and mused, pondering the meaning of its fair text — so fair, yet so obscure as well. Here Shakespeare read and smiled; here Homer and Horace looked and doubted; here Job and Plato, David and Dante, Angelo and Darwin, Virgil and Voltaire, Spinoza and Rubens and Cervantes, found lifelong solace mingled with disquiet. Scholars and saints, painters and ploughmen, lovers and skeptics, emperors and peasants, and poets and kings; and what had they all to say about their reading? No comment? Did they find the work amusing, or was it squalid, or only dull? Think of the poetry of Emerson and Wordsworth; what is it but a critical interpretation of nature? Think of the work of Fielding or Thackeray or Hawthorne; what was it but a running commentary on humanity?

There is one sense in which all the arts are one — in that they are all but differing forms of expression, differing methods in which the spirit of humanity finds a voice and embodies its thought about the universe, and in that sense, surely, all art is an appendix to nature, a criticism on experience. Fiction and painting, for example, seem clearly to have had their origin as simple pastimes, yet how significant a body of commentary they contain. I suppose the art of painting arose in the idlest hour, from a very superfluity of leisure and fancy, the chance discovery of some dreamy bygone summer afternoon; yet every line or shade tells tales of the vanished painter's sentiment as he looked out at the world about him. And modern fiction; there is a fine art which would seem to have had its beginning in nothing more serious than the telling of tales over a winter fire. Yet now, in all its varied complexity, so philosophical, so intentional, how evidently critical it has become.

We must not forget, either, to make ample allowance for that conception of art which claims for it a province quite apart from the actual world. According to this view, it is the business of art to create for our enjoyment a fictitious universe, within our own, yet dissevered from it — an unreal, imaginary palace of pleasure, having no bearing upon actual life. This was the dream of the pre-Raphaelites. For them the fairy-tale was the true model of fiction. They revelled in creations that leave nature toiling far behind. You would certainly never go to them for a criticism of life. And yet what does the presence of such a fanciful creation mean — springing up side by side with the actual, and resembling it so little? Is not its mere existence a most significant comment on the world of fact it pretends to ignore? Is it not an avowal of the insufficiency of nature, the imperfection of our lot? It is easy to scoff at such fantastic wistfulness in art, but for my

part I think it more profitable than a complacent abiding in "things as they are."

If you consider the attitude of the artist, the painter, the poet, the man of letters, as an attentive observer of things about him, as a portrayer of natural phenomena, a reporter at large in all the splendid, bright avenues of the earth, bringing home to the attention of his fellows many facts from many sources, adding some hint of his own thoughts concerning them, elucidating them from his fuller knowledge than ours, suggesting by his chosen preference which seem to him most memorable and noteworthy, you will be reminded of the attitude of the critic, and see how closely they resemble each other. Admitting this similarity of functions, what are those qualifications of the creative artist which are requisite to the right critical temper as well?

First of all, I should place openness of mind. One would think that a very obvious requirement, the least that could be asked of

a personality bringing itself under the spell of new forms and fresh influences of beauty. But how rare it is, that spiritual candour which shows itself in the utterly unprejudiced disposition of a great, patient humility. It is linked on one side to the religious sense, the capacity for wonder, and on the other to a profound curiosity that is for ever questing, questing, questing — the scholar's gift. It involves a love of truth, too, undauntable and unswerving, ready on the instant to abandon the most cherished notion for the sake of one more tenable in reason. With an exquisite susceptibility to impressions, and with a depth of feeling rather than conviction, the artist steeps himself in the atmosphere of every scene he would reproduce, the critic surrenders himself to the subtlest influences of the masterpiece under his hand. In either case, it is a finely sensitized mechanism, as delicate as a piece of litmus paper played upon by the potent element of beauty in the chemistry of the soul, and bearing unimpeachable evi-

dence of the test. Such a being is in little danger of coming to destruction through the self-confidence of the prig. He is more likely to be the most unassuming of mortals. There will characterize him a sweet eagerness for knowledge, not incompatible with a gentle regard for beliefs no longer possible and conceptions no longer true. He, too, will be quite willing to pass with the slow procession of created things from one illusion to another, without dejection or regret. None will be more passionately and keenly alive to events than he; no one more detached in contemplating them. A sedulous, kindly nature, earth-born and instinctive, will be his; so that, while he is almost strenuous in following a bent, he will completely realize the futility of insistence and the folly of overstrain. Such a mind will not be affluent nor impressive, but it will be infinitely exact in its own way, infinitely careful of distinctions, infinitely scrupulous in speech. To the sobriety of science it would add the elation of art;

and to the elation of art it would add the smiling afterthought of indecision.

That a painter, or a writer, or an artist of any sort must be receptive, seems almost self-evident. It is his business to be sensitive, to keep on the alert for all passing phenomena of beauty, all the suggestive incidents of life. Not a line or a gesture must escape him of the manifold human drama daily enacted before his eyes; not a shade or tone of colour must be lost on him of all the wonderful fleeting loveliness of sky and sea, mountain and cloud, sun and rain. The changing face of the universe is his continual study, and his appreciation will never fail to catch the gusts of passion and mood that sweep across the tumultuous regions of the mind. Whatever else he may be, he can never for one moment be fixed or stable, save in the purpose to be always free, always unprejudiced, always ready for the new impulse, the new impression, the new inspiration. For whether we think of inspiration as coming through experience or through

intuition, it demands an equally receptive habit of thought. And one who would be guided by it must have an equally sedulous regard for the inward meaning and the outward apparition of things. He must be endowed with senses of no ordinary keenness, like that figure in Norse mythology who could hear the grasses growing; and a very wizardry of instinctive comprehension must be his. Culture for him will mean not so much self-perfection as self-absorption in nature and life for others, and at the instance of an uncontrollable propensity. He is the unwearied listener at the Sphinx, the eternal wanderer by all trodden and unfrequented paths; he is a nomad in the blood, and an incredulous believer from his birth. And this natural aptitude for indecision and appreciation is emphasized by a daily use, is encouraged and developed and grows by practice, until your typical artistic temperament, as the phrase runs, becomes proverbially impressionable and fastidious.

And all this, that he may convey some expression of his new knowledge to the audience of his fellows. He is eyes and ears for multitudes less fortunate than himself. We rely on him for daily fresh reports from every corner of the house of life, with all its wonderful galleries and crannies, crowded with fact and haunted by illusion. But what is our attitude toward him? Many of those traits which are most useful to the artist are most useful to the critic as well. Flexibility or openness of mind is one of them, and the most important. If the artist must exercise absolute freedom in his art, are we ready to grant him that right? Do we look with tolerance on the new and strange in art? If we were to approach a new book or a new picture with anything of the same receptiveness which the writer or the painter felt in dealing with his subject, we should, first of all, be attentive, curious, impressionable. We certainly should not be carping and antagonistic. Our first effort would be to understand. We

should apply thought to our subject, and not prejudice.

While the creative spirit may be carried away by zeal in a cause, the critical spirit must always remain impartial. They are alike, however, in this, that to reach their best they must always be unhampered and individual. The critical spirit can espouse no party, adhere to no preconceived notion of the truth. Its only principle is a love of truth, of beauty, and of goodness, wherever they may be revealed, and in whatever guise they may appear. It must stand apart, without creed or predilection. The academic point of view, so valuable for the conservation of learning, is out of court in critical affairs; since the gist of art is revelation, the accomplishment of something unprecedented. The underlying science of art is as fixed and stable as all other natural law; but the manifestations of art are always surprising, often in seeming contradiction to all tradition. So that the purely scholastic mode of appreciat-

ing them is inadequate. To set up standards of bygone excellence in art and then bring all new achievements into comparison with them is unjust to both. You pin your faith to Dante and Shakespeare and Milton and Wordsworth, let us say, and then you bring a new book to be tested by their standard. If it does not conform, you say it must be poor. But, if it did conform, art would be a dead thing. Art and poetry are not inventions, they are living and vital forces, growing with civilization, and making themselves felt in fresh ways every day. So that it is impossible, as it seems to me, to confront them with any preconceived notion of what they ought to be. It is only possible to criticize them in a spirit of absolute impartiality, with the unbiassed loving patience of the scientist.

The Man Behind the Book

CRITICISM after all is little more than discovery. It is like science in that. Their main business is to find the truth. To science the multiform world of appearances is a complex, fascinating, and inexplicable creation, with something behind it, — purpose, reason, mind, — which science seeks to understand. To criticism the world of art and literature is just a mimic creation, the work of cunning hands of many ages, a contrivance of human intelligence, behind which lurks and hides the immortal spirit of man.

The scientist or philosopher, with an unflinching and unquenchable curiosity, asks of

the universe, "Who goes there behind the shadowy substance? What Presence inhabits these fleeting forms, which make the lovely earth? Where dwells the Eternal, and what like is the Unchanging, if any Unchanging or Eternal there be?" In his smaller way the critic stands before a work of art, inquiring in like spirit, "What manner of man was behind this thing? What soul found vent in this shape of beauty? What comprehending being lent a passing permanence to its own aspirations in this scrap of art?"

The answer to the critic is never easy. The answer to the scientist will perhaps never be possible. Yet something of the seriousness of philosophic science should always invest the business of criticism. Discovery, exposition, revelation, — that is the task of the critic. To find the man behind the book, the man behind the painting, the man behind the music, to understand him with sympathy and intelligence and respect; that is the first duty of criticism. And its second duty is to help oth-

ers to understand him. These two aims of criticism imply a patience, an indulgence, and a modest regard for others, not always found in the critic as he is. They would make him think of his artist first of all, of the public next, and last of himself, with his own pet theories and aversions. Unhappily it is common to invert this order of procedure, and the critic is so engrossed with exhibiting his own cleverness that the true subject of his exposition is quite eclipsed. Criticism is a fine art, of course; and as such it very properly embodies the personal bias of the critic. As a science, however, its prime regard must be for its subject.

The man behind the book is not easy to discover. To meet the author, to dine with him, to receive his autograph, to photograph him carefully posed in his workshop, to note the style of his collar, the set of his coat, this is not to know the man behind the book. These things only give us a glimpse of a human being embarrassed by publicity and

shrinking from unwarranted scrutiny. Any real knowledge of the man behind the book is much more difficult and requires a procedure much more subtle, and is apt to come casually at unexpected moments. For it is not merely the man apart from his work we wish to know. Having created anything in art, the creator is no longer the same; some part of him has gone into the making of his work; a large part of his real self is there, his deepest convictions, his sincerest purpose, his finest taste. It is this underlying personality which is so interesting and so profitable an object of study. How the world impressed him, with what fortitude or timorousness he fronted life, what mark sorrow left upon him, how grateful he was for joy, where he failed and where he was strong, and whether his ideals, if made practical and put into effect, would help or hinder us in the difficult business of living. In short, the object of criticism is to know the man. just as his object as an artist was to make himself known. Not

the mere making of himself known to fame, but the making of himself known in his work, in the adequate expression of himself, — this is the ambition of the artist. If the passion for creation is in him, it will not concern him much whether men recognize him widely or not; his chief anxiety will be to reveal his finer inner self in his art, whatever that may be; and none will be so conscious as himself of any shortcoming or failure in that delicate, almost impossible, achievement.

Every great writer is a friend of all the world, one whom we may come to know, who can aid us with solace and counsel and entertainment. In his books he has revealed himself, and in them we make his acquaintance. This is the purpose of serious reading. Not merely to be delighted with beauty of style; not merely to be informed and made wise; not merely to be encouraged and ennobled in spirit; but to receive an impetus in all these directions. Such is the object of culture. To know a good book is to know a good man.

To be influenced by a trivial, or ignoble, or false book, is to associate with an unworthy companion, and to suffer the inevitable detriment. For the book, like the man, must be so true that it convinces our reason and satisfies our curiosity; it must be so beautiful that it fascinates and delights our taste; it must be so spirited and right-minded that it enlists our best sympathy and stirs our more humane emotions. A good book, like a good comrade, is one that leaves us happier or better off in any way for having known it. A bad book is one that leaves us the poorer, either by confusing our reason with what is not true, or by debasing our taste with what is ugly, or by offending our spirit with what is evil. For a book must always appeal to us in these three ways, and be judged by these three tests.

Then, too, it is only the man behind the book that makes the book worth reading. And what worthless things often masquerade under that noble name! Factory-made abom-

inations of cloth and paper, without a shadow of soul or sincerity in them from beginning to end! You perceive at once that the author (Heaven forgive him!) went about to make a contrivance which should fool the guileless public, a book in nothing but appearance, a conscious cheat. The real book has vitality, it convinces and moves and entrances us by its indubitable veracity. Its maker was not concerned to produce an effect, but to free his mind and give vent to his feeling. Inevitably the result of his effort bears the stamp of his own personality. The book is the living image of the man. That is why real books have a power over us. It is the individuality that counts. And wherever there is a false note, something that the writer did not truly believe and intimately feel, be sure the reader will be aware of the discrepancy, and the book will fail to seem natural — it will not be "convincing," as we say in the jargon of the studios. On the other hand, let a book be never so crude and ill written, if the writer

was in earnest and put his heart and mind into the work, that book will have merit and some quality at least of an actual creation. It will have had a creator behind it — a veritable maker, not a mere manipulator; and the vitality it received from him it will in turn impart to others. This is the true life of a book, without which the making of volumes becomes a contemptible trade, and literature a lost art.

The Migratory Mood

PERHAPS our keenest impulses, our joys and hopes and depressions, spring from tides of influence beyond our own control. And we are not altogether to be held responsible for moods. More impalpable than the shadows of flying clouds, our moods sweep over us, changing the complexion of day, moving us to elation or sadness. The folly and utter inconsequence of moods would seem to prove this.

Whatever the origin of our moods, certainly some of them may clearly be thought to spring from primitive ancestral, almost cosmic, trends of inheritance, and the habits of old generations on the earth. So that many

causes we do not take note of are concerned in making our happiness.

With the vernal change of the year comes our immemorial migratory mood, noted long ago so beautifully by Chaucer in the opening of the Tales, with its description of April, when the pilgrim spirit is abroad. Long before that delightful cavalcade set out for Canterbury, folk had become wanderers and incipient vagabonds in spring; and the old poet's picture is as fresh and true for this day as it was half a thousand years ago. And perhaps we know the zest of spring even more keenly than our fathers, as we need its refreshment the more. To really know the rapture of April, however, one must have lived a winter in the frozen north, where cold shuts down like an iron lid in November and is never once unlocked until mid-April. Then, indeed, the warm spring days return to these austere hyperborean regions with a radiance unknown to other zones, and their May-time is like relief to a beleaguered city. Fancy for

yourself the joy of feeling firm brown earth underfoot after treading the yielding snow for six months together! If you have ever walked half a block through a sandy blizzard and then come suddenly upon the good pavement, you will have some notion of the mere bodily relief.

But if there is so much pleasurable relief in the mere passing of cold, what pure pleasure of spirit do we not share in the migratory season. Every unfolding leaf is an infection of joy; every wild bird-note has its answering reverberation in ourselves. Perhaps from our small brothers of the air we have inherited a touch of their genius for wandering, and from our dumb kindred of the forest something of the power of perceptible growth. We, too, unfold in spring, put forth new capacities, and have stirrings for change of scene, for adventures. We feel dimly that we are truly inheritors of the kingdom of freedom, not mere serfs of convention and town.

This vague, subhuman, primitive longing

has its effect, no doubt, in our social customs, our homes and holiday resorts. And if we are growing more strenuous, we are growing more simple and natural as well. "The season" in town grows shorter and shorter, the habit of a country holiday more universal. It is no longer considered smart to flock in huge, hideous hotels; the seclusion of some sleepy farmhouse in a nest of hills is the approved thing, as it is really the better.

The need we all have of just this migratory movement every year! If you note it, you will perceive the uncomfortable irritability of your friends in spring. They say they are out of sorts. But all they need is a little natural existence, a cessation from artificial conditions. I read the other day what seemed to me a very clever bit of realism, a story called "Kate Wetherell." She was one of those slaves of the kitchen said to be common in New England; she became so discouraged that one night she attempted suicide by drowning. But a providential rope saved her

life, and the daring midnight venture resulted only in a thorough wetting. Kate went home walking on air, to her tiresome, dull husband and her round of pots. From that day she was a changed woman, with an unquenchable seed of elation within her.

Poor, driven human soul, how often you fancy that you want to pass from this bitter round of trial and toil, when in reality all you need is a bath and a sleep! Take off those silly, cramping garments, that idiotic silk stock that deforms your neck, those Chinese shoes that deform your feet; get into some sensible flannels, and be away to the hills or the sea! If you would only follow your instinct occasionally, instead of making yourself the uncomfortable cipher of fashion and custom! There is only one way in the world to be distinguished: Follow your instinct! Be yourself, and you'll be somebody. Be one more blind follower of the blind, and you will have the oblivion you deserve. Instincts were made to be heeded, not to be thwarted. Per-

sonality was made to be cherished, not to be annihilated. And it is right to want to move from the narrow and constricting to the broad and ennobling. You cannot go to the country too soon this summer, nor stay too long.

Let us give ample play to the migratory mood, believing it an inheritance from vaster times and a hint of unmeasured journeys yet to come. Let us become well accustomed to it, attaching ourselves not too firmly to one place, nor to one tenet, nor to one custom, however good.

On Tradition



It is a wonderful June morning in a New England town. Long before breakfast-time the birds have waked you with their riotous medley of songs and calls. Probably it was the oriole in the orchard, talking away in his mellow syllables, who actually roused you to consciousness at last. Then you were glad to be awake, for you remembered you were not in the city any longer, and you gave a sigh of relief and stretched far down in the cool, clean linen. But the oriole sang on and the sun was high and the world was good to see, and you could lie no longer. Now it is after breakfast, and you stroll out on the lawn and see the flowers and clover and hear more birds and watch the people going to church.

There goes by a little lady in light gown, with her parasol and book, very content and happy, to rehearse her prayers and praises as her grandmother did before her. If you look with the artist's eye, if you can attain for a moment that magical vision which sees things not too near nor yet too far, which notes every detail and yet is detached from the object and views it as in a dream or a moving picture, you will perceive that she is not as familiar as you fancied. In reality her dress and customs are as strange and foreign as if she were a little Jap or a Corean. Why does she trip away so lightly over the grass, why is she so assured in her happiness, why does she wear those needless gloves, that strange hat, those fluttering ribbons? I see her moving through the picture and ask myself these things. Why? Tradition, I suppose. Slowly progressing tradition working for ages has brought about her dress as it is this morning, and made her set out for church

in that calm, delightful way. I don't know whether ladies go to church in Japan, or whether they have any Sunday. But, if they have and if they do, how charming we should think their custom! What a pious and beautiful habit! Yet it is only tradition.

Is tradition, then, so great a beautifier of this world and of our life here? Is it not rather true to say that all our advances and advantages have been won in a hard-fought fight with tradition? Is it not by stubbornly opposing custom and by unflinchingly insisting on change, freedom, reform, that we have come to our present development? Am I not right to be a liberal, even a radical, and set my face like a stone against benumbing tradition? Tradition makes men bigots and slaves and tyrants and superstitious yokels. Tradition is the father of persecutions, the uncle of falsehoods, the brother of ignorance, and the grandsire of a thousand hideous sins against sweetness and light. I will have none of tradition. I will abide by the example of

my masters, those brave thinkers who tried to teach me liberality. Be others what they may, I will be myself.

"Ah, my friend, that is all very fine," said a still, small voice, as I kept on the smooth, soft grass, "but look here, look about you. See those yellow lilies there beyond the tennis-court. All winter they were asleep in their bulbs, dry and brown, with not a soul to tend them. Yet this morning there they are, all radiance and light, the same frail, beautiful creatures their people have been for a thousand years. How do you fancy they manage to compass that miracle? Tradition. And you hear your orioles and your warblers and your robins, each keeping fresh and fair his own imperishable measure of gladness. There again is tradition. And just fancy for a moment, please, what would happen if your oriole should turn radical and attempt some new strange note, some violation of the tradition of his kind, or if the yellow lily should presume to disregard the traditions of her

folk! No more lovely lilies, no more entrancing orioles, as long as the world might last.

"Why, my fanciful friend, the very frame of the universe is hung upon tradition. Tradition is the cement that holds the arches of the earth in place; the planets themselves are hung on that thread. Let it once break, and cosmos would fall about your ears. If every creature after its kind, and every herb and flower after their kind, yes, and every stone and metal after their kind, did not follow unquestioningly the immutable law of their activity, the tradition of their race, we could not exist a moment as we are. We should all be thrown into primal confusion once more. Tradition is the first letter in the alphabet of life."

And I suppose this is so. Try as we may, few of us can roam very far from the central peg to which our own peculiar tradition has tied us. We fancy ourselves reformers and independents. Let others follow customs, we are in bond to no law but our instinct. We

shall act for ourselves, as we think best. We shall conform no more, be subservient to none. Let tradition be hanged, for we have a finer sanction for conduct within the heart. And so off we fly into quixotic reforms and a hundred mad schemes for rearranging the universe in a day and house-cleaning the cosmos in a week.

It cannot be done. Tradition is not the bugbear radicals would have us believe. It safeguards our existence against our own too rash folly. It keeps us from the ills of a too precipitate haste. There is a happy mean in conduct between radicalism and conservatism. I hear my friend on one side of the room howling at the "hide-bound conservatives." I hear my friend on the other side muttering at the "blatant radicals." And I do sympathize with each. If there is one thing I detest as heartily as I do the stuffy, narrow-minded, intolerant, unprogressive, conservative, it is the flannel-mouthed agitator. The one is hopeless, the other is almost

worse; he is destructive. And yet it is to be noted tradition moves. It moves slowly, very slowly, but it does move. And tradition is, after all, no inhuman condition, but a habit in which we are immemorially inured. Tradition changes, too; it is changing every day, and it is we ourselves who change it. When we give our energy to the generous tasks of reform, I think perhaps we should do well to remember this: not to try to go too fast. At least we should let our knowledge of tradition reconcile us to the difficulty of progress. We should remember always that the most thorough method of reform is that which reforms tradition. It is not easy to destroy old traditions, but it is possible to infect them with ridicule so that they presently die, tardily but surely. Then we must all the while be fostering new traditions in their place. People are not adapted as yet to a life without tradition. They are not wise enough, and they are too timid. Give them time. Meanwhile, supplant the old tradi-

tions with better ones. Be as thoroughgoing as you please, but do have some finesse. In order to weed your garden, it will not be necessary to root up everything that is green.

Personal Rhythm

THERE is a rhythm of poetry, and there is a rhythm of people. And these two rhythms are similar in their charm and power.

By a rhythm of people I do not mean any magnetic or magic influence generated in congregations of individuals, but rather the rhythm peculiar to each individual. In this sense rhythm is an attribute of personality, and is manifested through the person in motion and speech. Observe your friends and notice the rhythm peculiar to each; how one is slow and another quick, one deliberate and another hurried, one jerky and another graceful. I almost fancy, indeed, that you might find one was iambic and another trochaic in essential rhythm. Can you not think of the

ponderous character that moves step after step, word after word, with the emphasis always delayed until the second thought, the second look, the second movement, the second words? Dons and dowagers and policemen are always iambic in their rhythm. Recall the rhythm of blank verse, the most common iambic measure in English, in the lines:

> "So all day long the noise of battle rolled
> Among the mountains by the winter sea,"

and you will perceive at once how settled and prosperous and conservative it is, quite aristocratic and assured. On the other hand, to quote again from Tennyson, there is the line of excellent trochees:

> "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

How different from the iambics! How sprightly, tripping, gay, and emotional! The rhythm of a soubrette rather than a savant. Then, again, there is the slow, uncertain, me-

andering rhythm of some large people who move like a hexameter:

"This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

Undecided people are usually of this dactyllic measure; and it is a very dangerous one to handle.

Again, persons are like poems in this, that it is possible to have a bad rhythm, though every rhythm is good in itself. We may, however, destroy our rhythm or nullify its effect by misuse. If we are naturally iambic, we must be careful how we break into trochees; and, if we are trochaic, we must beware of lapsing into iambics. The result of a bad use of rhythms is always ludicrous. The strut of a bantam and the skip of an archbishop are incongruous, and, therefore, to be employed with discrimination. And with this provision any rhythm may be used at will with expressional power. The prime rule in the poetry of man is this: Stick to your

own rhythm. And remember you cannot help using your own natural rhythm so long as you are simple and sincere. The moment you begin to pose, you will unconsciously use another rhythm, not your own; and every one will know it. Do not imagine for a moment that you can appear to be what you are not. You are betrayed in every gesture. Every syllable "gives you away." Occasionally a great genius may play a part which is not his own by nature; but in that case he passes by imagination into the new character, and actually is the person he plays. This is the genius of the actor, and it is the lack of just this power that is so apparent in the mediocre player.

To live according to one's rhythm is the law of common sense and common honesty. It is the first requisite of sanity, too. And it is one of the greatest evils of modern life that it tends to throw us out of rhythm. We are nearly all hurried to a point of hysteria. It is not so much that we have more than

we can do, as that we allow the haste to get on our nerves. Without being aware of it in the least, we become distraught, inefficient, and flighty, simply through the hurry in which we live. You may deny it as you please, but noise and haste are maddening. Watch the average business man, fluttering about like an agitated hen. He is divorced from his natural, legitimate power, for he has lost his own rhythm. He does everything too quickly, and he does nothing well. If he would only take time to breathe and smile and hold up his chest, he would accomplish much more, and save his soul alive at the same time. To be in a hurry is sometimes necessary. In that case, you must be prepared with the natural celerity of lightning, prompt but poised. It is never necessary to scurry. And in order to maintain this deliberation, of course, we must never let events tread on our heels. We must never dawdle, never allow our rhythm to run more slowly than is natural. That is equally a fault. But, if

we always do things that are becoming to our personality in the rhythm that is our true expression, neither breathless nor lagging, we shall accomplish more than we dreamed and we shall always have time to spare. We have all the time there is; and in that time everything can be done that ought to be done. It is merely a matter of balance, of adjustment, of rhythm, of keeping the soul at poise amid the forces of circumstance and will. If we miss that fine poise, we suffer, we feel the deterioration that comes of ineffectual effort, we have wasted our power, we have depleted our fund of inertia and initiative impulse, we have hindered the delicate rhythm of personality.

Does this seem fantastic and far-fetched? It is not really so. Perhaps it is a matter that will not bear discussion. It will bear experiment, however. If you do not believe in a personal rhythm, it is only because you have never thought of it in so many words. If you consider it for a moment in the light of

your own experience, you will be convinced of its truth and power.

There is in poetry a certain influence or power quite apart from its logical meaning. There resides in the lines a subtle force not given to prose. This is the genius of the measure making itself felt. In the same way our personality makes itself felt in all we do, through the influence of our peculiar rhythm. And we shall be wise to cultivate our own proper and peculiar measure of speech and movement. For there is surely a power given to each one of us, call it what you will, that is not expended in word or act, but exerts itself in the unconscious time of speech, in the unconscious time of our deeds. And just as the measure of verse influences the hearer and serves to carry an impression from the poet, so our own rhythm affects all who come into contact with us in life. It is a form of power about which a materialistic age knows little, and therefore one the more to be cultivated and preserved.

Ephemeral

THE test by which we are accustomed to measure the value of any artistic creation is its ability to survive. Anything which is truly great in art, we say, will have in it such a power of appeal and charm for men that they will be very unwilling to let it die. It will be carefully preserved through the ages for the sake of its rare beauty. We are so fearful that its like may not be easily found again that we build great museums and libraries where it may be received and stored with other treasures of its kind.

Now while this quality of permanency in art is a convenient measure of universal esteem, it is in itself of no virtue whatever. We value our Virgil and our Greek sculpture, not for their age, but for their beauty. They

gather a certain interest and pathos in their very antiquity; they appeal to us by the force of lovely association; they are ripe and venerable. But these charms may often be inherent in less admirable work as well. As far as its antiquity appeals to us, a poor little coin from some buried city is almost as full of suggestion as the Venus of Milo herself. Whether a beautiful object is permanent or impermanent is of no account whatever in valuing its excellence as art.

A statue may be more lovely in one material than in another; that will depend on the colour and texture of the material, not on its enduring quality. A figure in snow that would not outlive the hour might be just as lovely as one in marble. Beauty never perishes, indeed; but it endures by virtue of its essence and influence; it is not dependent on the permanence of gross matter for its immortality. That would be a precarious immortality at best. Rather is the permanence of beauty typified in the frail perishable hue and

form of the flowers and ephemera, so slight, so easily destroyed, and yet as enduring in their species as the elephant or the yew. In every butterfly that floats down the summer breeze, you see the symbol of that ephemeral loveliness which it is art's ambition to embody. In this ephemeral quality, acting and dancing are the two arts nearest to nature. They cannot be recorded, but perish as soon as they are born. While for music and poetry we have invented some means of preservation, they are essentially impermanent in their beauty. They are arts which appeal to the ear, fleeting as the wind over the sea.

We are in the habit of thinking of poetry at least as being a written art, dependent on paper and print for its life. That is largely so, but it ought not to be so at all. For poetry, like music, must be rendered in sound before it can come to its full effect and influence. And this aspect of the art of poetry we should keep much more constantly in mind (at least so it seems to me) if we are to main-

tain our love for it and our power in it to any efficient degree.

It is seldom, on the contrary, that poetry (to speak of only one art) ever has the opportunity of reaching its fit hearers in its untarnished glory. Our good readers are so lamentably few, our taste for reading aloud is almost nil. The spread of elementary knowledge and the prevalence of journalism, however admirable they may be in themselves, have tended to deterioration of the excellent art of reading aloud, and so have had an ill effect, too, I daresay, on the art of poetry itself.

In thinking of poetry, then, let us think of it as something that must be heard to be appreciated at its best. In that way we shall not only come to place poetry in its true relation to ourselves; we shall be aiding, ever so little it may be, in readjusting the status of poetry and in emphasizing the beautiful and sympathetic quality its ephemeral nature elicits.

On Being Ineffectual

EVERY day I live I am amazed that so many people should be content to be ineffectual in life. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that half the people in the world are ineffectual because they don't know how to try; and the other half are ineffectual because they don't even want to try.

I have an idea that evil came on earth when the first man or woman said: "That isn't the best that I can do, but it is well enough." In that sentence the primitive curse was pronounced, and until we banish it from the world again we shall be doomed to inefficiency, sickness, and unhappiness. Thoroughness is an elemental virtue. In nature nothing is slighted, but the least and the greatest

of tasks are performed with equal care, and diligence, and patience, and love, and intelligence.

We are ineffectual because we are slovenly and lazy and content to have things half done. We are willing to sit down and give up before the thing is finished. Whereas we should never stop short of an utmost effort toward perfection so long as there is a breath in our body.

Women, of course, are worse in this respect than men. Their existence does not depend on their efficiency, and therefore they can be almost as useless and inefficient as they please; whereas, men have behind them a very practical incentive to efficiency, which goes by the name of starvation.

And there are ineffectual men enough, certainly. It is not a matter of large attempts, but of trifles — the accumulation of trifles that makes ultimate success. For character, like wealth, may be amassed in small quantities, as well as acquired in one day. If you

watch a woman dusting a room, you will know at once whether she will ever be able to do anything more important in the world, or whether she is destined to keep to such simple work all her days, going gradually from inefficiency to inefficiency, until she gives up at last in despair and falls into the ranks of the great procession of the failures in life. Watch a man harness a horse or mend a fence; you can tell whether or not he will ever own a horse and a farm.

True, it may not matter whether the last nail is doubled over instead of being driven in to the head, but the state of mind which could be content with one nail too few is fatal. Indifference may not wreck the man's life at any one turn, but it will destroy him with a kind of dry-rot in the long run. There is a passion for perfection which you will rarely see fully developed; but you may note this fact, that in successful lives it is never wholly lacking.

I think one great reason for our common

inefficiency lies in the fact that we neglect to correlate our forces. When we undertake a task, we do not bring all our powers to bear. I do not mean, of course, that we should expend our utmost force on trifles; that is not necessary; we must always maintain a reserve. I mean that we should call into play in every act something of each of our three natures. If there is a stone to be moved from the middle of the road, there is a right way to move it, and there are a hundred wrong ways. That implies the use of mind. I must bring my wits to the task. Also I may do it gladly, when it will be easy, or grudgingly, when it will be hard and exhausting. In short, for the half-moment, I must devote myself to the stone as thoroughly as if I were rolling it away from the door of heaven. Have you ever noticed a nursemaid getting her baby carriage over the curb? Usually she manages to give it the greatest jolt possible. And I think as soon as women can get off of a street-car properly they should be

allowed to vote. It is never enough to put strength into the work, one must put heart and brains as well.

This matter of correlating the three vital forces is at once perhaps the most important and the least understood element in personal success. It is, in my judgment, incomparably more important than any subject of study in our colleges or schools, more useful than any practical training we are now giving our young men and women; and it is so little understood that I doubt whether more than a very few have considered its real value. I am afraid that, when we do think of it, we are willing to take it for granted, without ever actually relying upon it. That is a pity. We may pervert and neglect our forces as we will; we may spend half a lifetime in using them amiss, and yet so small a trial of right adjustment and correlation would convince us of the enormous gain of power to be had in that direction.

The Outskirters

"To be even an outskirter in art leaves a fine stamp on a man's countenance." I had forgotten the quotation, if I ever knew it, until a friend recalled it recently in a letter. But it expresses well the position of so many, does it not? And that single word contains a power of suggestion.

To be an outskirter. That is itself the very embodiment of the artistic aspiration and temper. For the artist, I dare fancy, is never desirous of being wholly absorbed; he dreads being committed past recall to any creed or course; he dwells at the static centre of opposing forces, and sails leisurely in the eddies of the storm; his supreme fear is the loss of his independence and his power of detach-

ment. Show me a man who cannot make up his mind, and I will introduce you to a friend of mine who has the first rudiments of the artist about him. Like many sayings, this is not wholly true; for if a man really cannot ever make up his mind after deliberation, if he can make no choice between better and worse in æsthetic matters; if he has no taste to guide him, no instinct for beauty; if he remains for ever undecided, he is no artist at all. Such an unfortunate is only fitted to be a critic, or a professor, or a politician, or something of that sort; he can never hope to be a poet, or a carpenter, or a doer of things. I mean that one must have the habit of detachment, with the power of selection. To keep your mind already made up is to be dull and fossiliferous; not to be able to make it up at all is to be watery and supine. These are the two types, each worse than the other. From the former came bigotry, bastinado, and all manner of bumptious cruelty and hate that can make this paradisal earth a Gehenna;

from the latter came the sloven, the sentimentalist, and the tramp, that forceless contingent of humanity with no more backbone than a banana, which shuffles and bewails its way through this delightful valley of tears.

To avoid both of these faults is necessary — and possible. Let us begin by forgetting for ever the vile superstition that "you cannot alter human nature." If you cannot alter human nature, you cannot alter anything on earth. That is all we are here for, to alter human nature, to make it more natural and more human. Let us begin with our own, and, when that is perfect, let us impart the perfection to our friends. Meanwhile, if we can perceive any hint and shadow of perfection before unrecognized, let us call it to the attention of others. That is what art is for, to embody perfection, to manifest the ideals we have not yet attained.

I should say, then, that artists at their best are very far from being indifferent folk or unenergetic; they are, however, capable of an

almost complete detachment. They are veritably outskirters, and not partakers of the milling turmoil of existence. 'Tis part of their business to observe, but seldom, I imagine, to fight. Yet, they are not all outskirters. There was Shelley, for instance, and Carlyle. And I remember a lecture of Richard Hovey's (unrecorded, and delivered before a handful of his friends, who will recall that masterful treatment, that gentle humour, that beautiful voice which no one will hear again now), in which he touched on this very theme in dealing with Shelley, and in which he seemed to think the quality of detachment not so important in a poet, after all. Very likely he was right, and we must allow for the zeal of the prophets. At all events, the very theory of detachment would forbid us holding it too rigidly. And the outskirter may sometimes give a lusty buffet in the right cause where he sees an inviting opportunity. As it is written that the Prince of Peace once made a whip of cords and cleared out the greedy

money-changers, so you may wield a rope's end at times and be justified — yes, and be an outskirter still.

Being an outskirter is not in the least like being an outlaw. The outskirter refuses to be absorbed in lesser things, that he may be the more wholly and freely devoted to following the higher law and filling the larger obligation. The artist wishes to be free, not that he may escape any obligation, however humble, but that he may find the source and orbit of his capacity. He foregoes many pleasures that follow on compromise and conformity, for example, in order that at last, after toilsome days, he may justify himself to himself. Surely that is a harmless ambition.

And then, while the great guild of artists may be considered in a sense outskirters in a world of active men, there are also outskirters in art — in a different sense. There are those who achieve no great things in art, who have not the gift or the time or the opportunity, perhaps, for making any solid contribution

to the beauty of the palace, who are still devoted servitors, not ashamed of a modest wage, and proud of the great house they serve.

At least they have our place to fill; they help to form the society in which a great national art shall one day flourish for the betterment and the advancement of our kind. If we believe in the efficacy of art at all, we must stick to it, we must make it prevail more and more.

The Artist's Joy

BROWNING, in his poem, "One Word More," has the well-known line:

"Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

What is the artist's sorrow? Can you ask? After all, it is a sorrow not so different from other men's. In one word, it is disappointment; and disappointment of a kind we all have felt, — the sense of thwarted and baffled expression. Fancy the artist, with his fair and enthralling ideal at first mistily afloat in his brain, then gradually growing clearer and clearer as he broods over it in serene happiness, and finally beginning to take created form. Is there any greater or purer pleasure than his? How fresh, how alluring, how un-

tarnished is the beauty of that thought! And with what untold delight he broods upon it, expectant of the unique revelation never yet vouchsafed to man, and which he alone is to communicate to his fellows! No, not a vain or conscious brooding; for I doubt if any artist pauses to think of himself. His joy is too instinctive, too elemental; he cannot himself quite tell why he is so happy; if you should ask him, he would be at a loss to explain. But happy he is, bearing about in his dark mind the imperishable splendour. His whole being, his character, his personality, nay, his person, are illumined as with the sacred fire. He irradiates the glad glory of the elect. He has been enkindled with a coal from the altar of the very god. He is not consciously better than others; he is consciously only a normal man, and saddened only because others can be sad. In this rapt state he walks the earth, his head in the clouds — child of eternity and progenitor of unimagined beauty.

But wait an hour! Wait until the vanishing, evanescent ideal is nearer his grasp. Wait until he tries to embody it in palpable form — in terms of colour or sound or shape. Ah, then you shall see a shadow of gloom overspread his face. That magic thought, so new and lovely, which seemed at first so easy to express, refuses to be made manifest. Toil as he may, the artistry is still at fault. The report he can give of his wonderful vision is in no wise a faithful representation. Perhaps by a sudden flash, as of enchantment, he is able to render some phase of his ideal almost perfectly; but then, alas, the enchantment does not hold! The next instant he fails again, and the harder he tries the more futile do his attempts become. O artist, save thy tears! Vex not thy heart at this bitter sorrow, for it is the common fate of all thy guild — never to be satisfied with the effort.

Yes, and this is the common sorrow of all of thy fellow mortals, too. Are we not, every one, beset by this very hindrance, the impossi-

bility of expression? And does not this difficulty explain much of our disappointment and discontent with life? What a relief and pleasure it is to feel one's self thoroughly and adequately represented or expressed, even for a moment! When the complete idea in our mind, which may have been lying unexpressed for a long time, suddenly some day finds its very self embodied in a perfect phrase or line or sentence of literature, how glad we are! How we welcome that artist, and how grateful we are to him for giving voice to our very thought! And when some sentiment or emotion finds a like embodiment, what a feeling of satisfaction we have! And in these cases, it is only the expression of another which we have borrowed. How much more, then, are we delighted when the expression is spontaneous, when we can unaided find the fit and perfect form in which to embody the breath of our own being, the word of the spirit.

This same satisfaction, less in degree but

not the least different in kind, is ours in daily human intercourse, when we move happily and among our fellow men, — when we feel ourselves perfectly understood. It seems to me that we should come a shade nearer happiness in life if we constantly reminded ourselves of this truth: that life as we live it is an art, — is one of the greatest of the fine arts, — that, indeed, it is the one art which embraces all others. We should, I think, keep in mind the joy and the sorrow of the artist, and remember that our own happiness and discontent are largely similar to his. We should not forget that in the arts of speech and gesture and dress — in the arts of human intercourse — we are every instant using exactly the methods of all the other fine arts, and are making, for good or ill, undeniable revelations of ourselves. It is inevitable that we should be making hourly impressions on our friends. And does it not become an evident duty that those impressions should be true, that they should actually represent us,

that they should at least be brought under our conscious control, and made expressive as well as impressive? If we allow a discrepancy between the impression we make on others and the expression we intended to embody, certainly nothing but unhappiness can result. For the joy of life depends in no small measure on living adequately, in filling our sphere, in leaving no chinks between the veritable self and the great, beautiful, fascinating dominion of the senses. A being placed on this earth is fitted, you may be sure, both by inheritance and training, for living in accord with his surroundings. To bring himself into this close and satisfying relation is the clear duty and first privilege of all. And it can be done only through expression, only by honestly making the inward self real to the outward world.

If we neglect to secure for ourselves true, sincere, pleasing, and reliable expression, which shall enable us to reach the utmost bounds of our being, it is as if a seed should

never grow to fill its outer shell. We should then hopelessly rattle about in a vast, reverberating, empty world. I should, indeed, like to be the master of some fine art. I can fancy no more luxurious gladness in life. At least I should insist on cultivating the lesser arts of expression, — the personal arts, the arts of life.

Corpus versus Animus

THE case is so old that the very mention of it is almost a breach of etiquette. Wars have been waged, empires overturned, and the colour of the map changed a hundred times by so trifling a litigation. There appears one day among men a hairy prophet, coming down out of the mountains, a hermit, an ascetic, preaching righteousness and the paramountcy of the spirit. Against the gay, the worldly, the happy, the thoughtless, the free, untrammelled children of the earth, this bleak foreboder of ill launches his rattling exhortations. In his cosmos there have never been any cakes and ale, and his strenuous mind is bent on contorting the visible world to his own lofty but narrow pattern. Again and

again the chosen people of history were called on to listen to such a man, until it happens they have given us the most considerable and remarkable body of prophecy in the world, and have impressed their idea of goodness permanently on our race. And the story of all nations is similar to theirs, revelations of righteousness and relapses to license — puritan and pagan at ceaseless war in the long struggle for ultimate perfection. In England, for only one example, how the court and the commonwealth strove together in a futile deadly clutch for mastery! Not a politcal struggle merely, but a moral one even more. Our friend Corpus, the dashing child of pleasure, horsed and ringleted, cheering after instinct down the delicious flowery roads of earth; and our old friend Animus, severe and noble, imbued terribly with the weight and serious consequence of life.

You may side as you will; and probably you will side first with one and then with the other many times through a long youth before

you discover the uselessness of partisan quarrels. But then at last some day, most likely in your golden thirties, when the false logic of extremes has dawned upon you, there will come the thought that light cannot exist without darkness, nor right without wrong, that the only thing that can exist without its opposite is non-existence itself. And then your heart will not be torn asunder any more within you over the immemorial litigation in the case of Corpus *versus* Animus. You will perceive with wonder how eminently right they both are; you will cease giving your undivided allegiance to one or the other; you will content yourself with sharing the joys and sorrows of both alike; and you will heave an enormous sigh of contentment that one more stormy cape of experience is past.

Tolerance, tolerance, tolerance! Be not vexed at all if the roisterer is noisy in the tavern where you must eat a modest meal; neither vaunt yourself as virtuous because cold water is your only drink. For Corpus

has his virtues, too, — good, strong, generous, faithful, and inescapable Corpus! And never think for a moment that your high asceticism is better than his inane muscularity. He is but training himself according to his kind, that he may serve you the better according to your wisdom. And it behooves you to temper and control yourself with all learning, so that you can rightly use that loyal and willing servitor.

Is it not true that for the most part we have been willing to correct the excesses and ignorances of the body by a shameful disaffection and neglect? Noble and sincere as was the ascetic ideal, did it not sinfully maltreat an innocent, childish creature, when it heaped indignity and emaciation on this fair figure of humanity? Was the result not quite as bad as the sorry ravages of debauchery and animalism? But one may say, surely, that better thought is coming to prevail; that the ancient fancied antagonism between physical and spiritual is seen to be radically absurd;

that no advantage can accrue permanently to either except through the good-will of both. All this is indeed commonplace to the last jot, yet it is the sober, wholesome truth by which we need to stand, and to stand courageously, until we realize for every one the Roman criterion — the sane mind in the sound body. Let us believe that never yet has that perfect poise of forces been reached. There have been scholars and there have been fighters; but seldom has the normal man walked the earth in utter health of body and spirit. We are too often warped by a wrong thought; the one ideal or the other deludes us; we enroll ourselves under Corpus or Animus, and take sides in that time-worn dispute, to our own lasting injury. Let us have done with it at once and for ever, and recognize an equal culture of the physical and the intellectual as the only training for perfection. It is so necessary to have a true ideal, to know the better way. And a very small experience should teach us the truth in this

case. I could wish that Whitman's prophecies were heeded more generally, and his sturdy, beautiful aspirations more gladly accepted. I could wish that men and women would treat themselves more rationally, with greater care for the balance of their forces. It is true, perhaps, that we shall develop a civilization in time where might will not be the only right; but we shall do so to our own destruction, if we do not take greater and greater care of our physical selves. We shall never be as happy as angels until we are healthy as animals.

Simplicity

IT is customary to sound the praises of simplicity in our day and to belaud the habit of an earlier time, when, as we declare, life was less complicated than at present. In the midst of a vital and nascent civilization we are perhaps none too prone to emulate the virtues of our fathers or imitate their excellent qualities. Yet we may easily mistake their blessings. Is simplicity, after all, so admirable a trait of character, so fine a quality in art?

And what is this simplicity of life for which we sigh? We speak of the simplicity of nature, the simplicity of a flower, but surely nothing is more wonderfully complex than all the beautiful products of the natural world. A leaf, for instance, — one single,

fresh, green maple leaf from the myriads of the forest to-day, — seems at first glance simplicity itself. Yet its symmetry is not geometrical, but only artistic. It conforms but roughly, though inexorably, to its type. It has no perfect fellow in all the whole earth full of green companions. It is not a machine product. It hasn't the simplicity of straight line and circle. It cannot be reproduced; can hardly be imitated. It has individuality, properties, parts, functions, growth, colour, vitality, and a period of its existence. That is no simple matter.

Lower in the scale of nature there is greater simplicity. Inorganic is simpler than organic. Last of all comes primal cosmos, or chaos, which is simplicity itself. On the other hand, the farther you go ahead in the development of nature, the more complex does it become. Simplicity, truly, means life reduced to its lowest terms. But that is not what we actually desire, I fancy.

You tell me you love the simplicity of na-

ture, you are glad to get away from the complications of city life. Yes, that is the phrase we commonly use, but I think there is a good deal of error in it. What is it that wearies us in town? Not the work we have to do, so much as the strain of unnatural ugliness and noise in which we allow ourselves to dwell. For work is not a burden, but a pleasurable activity, a natural function of the healthy and happy; but noise and ugliness are against the trend of spirit as it passes from the lower to the finer life. Noise and ugliness are primitive and simple; music and beauty are complex, and we only reach them in our progress toward ideal perfection. To take a single instance: you will admit that many of the gongs on the street-cars make a hideous din; they contribute not a little to the dissonance of city noises. But suppose that we should go to the trouble and expense of making our gongs musical. Suppose that they were all made of the finest bell metal, carefully attuned, how much pleasanter that would be!

And then, further, suppose that each bell were made to strike its own musical note, and that all were harmonized, how much more pleasure to the jaded nerves! And in each improvement, you will observe, we should be making a step away from the simplicity of noise and toward the complexity of music. We should be discarding machinery in favour of art.

And, again, think of the hideousness of our streets, — our rows and rows of brownstone fronts, as you look down the side streets on the way up-town, — every house exactly like its neighbour, and every street almost exactly like the next. There is monotonous simplicity for you, and the result is deadly. Now if every house were given a beautiful and individual character of its own, and that character so modified as to conform to its neighbours, how fine a block you might have! And, further, if each block were made to harmonize to some extent with those about it, how fine a city! Again, in each step of improve-

ment we should be advancing from the simple to the complex, from chaos to art. For art is not the antithesis of nature; but nature and art are both the antithesis of chaos. It is when we give up loving care and put our trust in machinery that we begin to move backward to monotony, simplicity, ugliness, and death.

If we would remedy the annoyance of city life, we must be willing to take thought for it. We must be willing to spend time and trouble and money in order to have music instead of noise in our car bells, in order to have beauty instead of simplicity in our architecture.

Now if you think you can solve the problem of modern life for yourself by withdrawing from the fray, you are mistaken. You may set up your studio in the top of a twenty-story building, and moon there over your emasculate daubs, while the twentieth century is racing beneath your feet; but you will never lay on a brushful of paint that will

stay. There is a lot of dirty work to be done in the world yet, and, if we are not fitted to help in it, we must at least stand by and give it our sympathy.

Then in the realm of art itself, it is not simplicity we admire, but harmonious unity, the complex blending of colours and tones. Simplicity would mean the crude juxtaposition of one raw colour by another, the striking of one note without regard to its fellow. And in poetry, when you pass from the regularity of the school of Pope to the apparently freer metrical usage of Wordsworth and Tennyson and Keats, you fancy at first that you are returning to simpler methods; and when you come to Emerson and Whitman, you say you have reached simplicity itself. But that is exactly the reverse of the truth. The cadences of "Leaves of Grass" are far more intricate than those of "The Essay on Man."

The only simplicity that is desirable is simplicity of soul, a certain singleness of aim and quiet detachment of vision, a mood of endur-

ing repose not at variance with constant endeavour, a habit of content, contemplation, and peace, that abides undistracted in harmony with other habits of activity and toil. This is not the simplicity of chaos, but the simplicity of order, the assurance that comes from the perception of law and the triumph of beauty. This is the higher simplicity, the simplicity of nature and mathematics, which comprehends their many complexities in a unity of being.

The Magic of the Woods

SOMETIMES I think we feel it most powerfully when it comes upon us afresh, as we emerge from throngíng streets some morning in spring; indeed, even on the street corners themselves it may overtake us suddenly in the April twilight, in a bunch of mayflowers or a pussy-willow spray. Then how quickly the humdrum and soil of habit are forgotten! We are reinstated instantly with the zest of a primitive unjaded life, and are almost willing to declare that existence has no other end than this in-rush of joy, this conversion in the blood. It seems to justify the narrow plodding to which we have been confined all the gray days of winter, and to heighten our appreciation of a freedom of spirit, which, we know now, is ours by right of inheritance.

The coming of spring, say the wise to themselves, is the mystic book of revelation in the great volume of nature, the superb transcendent note, reassuring doubt, dissolving fear, establishing happiness for ever and ever. And there is nothing so rare as a day in June, partly because we reach it through blizzard and fog and east wind, through toil and fortitude and iron persistence.

And then, again, it seems, at the end of summer, as if the true magic of the woods were only put forth after long reserve, slowly, timorously, shyly exerting over us its most potent influence. There are hints and signs, now and then, indeed, which make the careless wonder whether he has seen any touch of the true magic of the woods at all. Perhaps once or twice between August and December the exact moment may occur for the tireless observer when glimpses of the unworldliness of nature may come to him, and he may hear or think he hears the glad oracular whisper of the universal message. He

may then have the rare fortune (in perfect health, in perfect goodness, of a sound mind) to feel himself for an instant in complete harmony with all being. He is no longer a jarring note in a splendid theme; no longer knows himself somehow at variance with his surroundings; no longer perceives the gulf between ideal and fact, wish and performance; but from a profound inexplicable content is only able to say:

> "Beauty through my senses stole;
> I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

I do not mean to speak in fables; I only refer to those experiences of the magic of nature which we all have had. It is this magic which draws us out of the city and away from our palaces of art back to the fundamental and sincere. It is at the bottom of our cry for simplicity, our cry for recreation and rest. It is the magic of the woods which makes the essence of our summer holiday and infuses us anew with the inspiring taste of real life.

And even if the utmost wonder of that magic is hidden from us, there still remains the wholesome touch of an unsophisticated mode of life.

There we have a palpable secret to take home with us. If the woods will not tell us what their magic really is, they certainly offer us a comment on our own life. In running away from the forms of civilization to the refuge of nature we do well. But why? Because nature is greater and better than man with his art? Not at all; simply because all of nature is good, while much of our own art of living is lamentably bad. And we make a grievous error if we attempt to love nature to the total exclusion of the civilized and civilizing arts. Nature is inexorable, but man's art is tentative and haphazard. It is seldom perfect; it is nearly always a compromise or a makeshift. Nature's laws are established; the future of man is still problematical. It follows that nothing in nature can be rejected or despised, while much in

our civilization is to be improved or discarded altogether. And what we are to bring home from nature is the large temper of patience. We are not to return to the artificial mode of life with scorn for its artificiality, but with love for its art. It took nature uncounted æons to get as far as primitive man; but man in a single year, by comparison, has achieved his splendid art of life. All that is most worth living for is as much the gift of art as of nature. Nature gave us the impulse, the joy, the power; but we have given ourselves the means of making these things prevail. If the usual course of life as we know it seems to us futile and vapid and false, that is the fault of a bad art of life. Well, then, let us get a better art; let us adjust ourselves more exactly to the environment; let us modify both desire and condition until they coincide. Don't let us waste time in stupidly reviling modern life as artificial; let us make it artistic. This does not mean that we are to import more of the fine arts into our lives,

but that we are to evolve a fine art of life itself, as a nation and as individuals. If a few people can live in peace, in security, with comfort and love and a reasonable amount of freedom, that means that the art of modern life is good — to a certain extent. When every one can live so, it will mean that art has improved — is nearing perfection. It seems to me that at the summer's end, when we can say:

"My heart had a touch of the woodland time,"

the greater portion of that experience must result in a renewal of enthusiasm for the beautiful art of life, an impulse of generosity and hope for others. The only use of an outing is to reinforce one's faith for the next inning. A love of nature can surely never make a man either a morose hermit or a precious æsthetic. Rightly loved, nature must make us more resourceful and apt in the practice of the complex art of living, more unexacting and humane.

Of Civilization

THERE is some confusion, is there not, in our minds when we think of our civilization, and balance its benefits against its perplexities, as we do? Our often complaints against it may be justly made only against our own misconception.

In moments of irritation we are in the habit of finding fault with modern civilization, as we call it; and in a pique we turn our backs on town and society and betake ourselves to more or less sequestered resorts where we promise ourselves the enjoyment of nature and a return to simplicity. But in reality what we are fleeing from is not civilization but our own vulgar and rather stupid multiplication

of effects, our overelaborate accumulation of mere machinery.

Of true civilization one need never tire. Indeed, it is impossible to tire of it, since civilization is a state of growth, — is the constant actualization of our best ideals, — is nothing more than the realization of our best selves.

Civilization, I suppose, is the best we can attain in our progress toward perfection. That road is long and difficult, and there are many illusions in the way to delay the traveller and turn him aside. Not the least of these illusions are things, gross material possessions, which we deem at times quite necessary to our comfort and which we come to count as an essential factor in civilized life. But material possessions are only means to an end; and it depends entirely on our use of them whether or not they aid us in the task of civilizing our life. A Bushman is not civilized merely by being placed in a palace or in a luxurious New York hotel; though de-

cent and comfortable surroundings are an almost essential help in humanizing the spirit. Nor could a civilized man like Lincoln or Marcus Aurelius or John Wesley be made barbarous by being housed in a cave or a tepee. In fact, in the first case, the palace or the hotel might be eminently glaring and hideous and debasing to the spirit, in spite of all its luxury, while in the second case our civilized tenant of the cave could more readily give his own complexion to his surroundings for the time being.

The case is simply this: In our task of civilizing ourselves there are certain necessities of the animal man that must be met, that remain constant, whatever his state. He must be housed and clothed and fed. His children must be reared and trained, and provision must be made against sickness and incapacity. Now, the means which man takes to do these few things are infinitely various. He may do them very simply, as the Indians used to do them, and as the Afri-

can and the Eskimo still does them; or he may do them with enormous elaboration and multiplicity of detail, as the Londoner and the New Yorker does them to-day. But it is to be noted that the manner of doing these things is not in any way an essential part of civilization. A man may have at his command all the luxuries of the twentieth century, and still lack all the rudiments of civilization. Almost any thoughtful person will acknowledge this strange confusion of ideas of ours, and yet it is because we continually confuse material prosperity with spiritual and intellectual progress that we are so retarded in the path to perfection.

Evidently it is only common sense that we should get our necessary man's work done as quickly and easily as possible. To be fed and clothed and housed is the prime consideration. Very well, then, let us have this done with utmost expedition. Let us invent all manner of contrivances of wood and iron and steam and electricity to save ourselves labour

in providing these common requirements. Surely we have worked marvels of ingenuity in that direction! But what then? How shall we employ ourselves? What shall we do when these first human wants are satisfied? Shall we go on elaborating the means of living, or shall we devote some time to life itself, to civilizing ourselves?

After a certain point is reached, the increase of material possessions is a palpable burden, a mere incumbrance to us in our attempt to civilize and humanize existence. To command happiness in my life, I must be master of conditions, so far as I can. I must have within my power the means of satisfying my needs. I must have, if you will, the luxuries of the day. But if I simply keep on multiplying my physical needs, so that it absorbs all my energy to satisfy them, I am no longer a master of conditions, but their slave. I do not command my wants; my wants command me. The essential man in me is arrested and absorbed in mere means of

living, and has no energy nor intelligence left for living itself.

But all the while it is folly to turn our back on civilization. For in all this great mass of material prosperity is hidden the leisure which can make a higher civilization possible. And if I find city life a burden because of its endless demands and material engrossments, I am not, therefore, to become an embittered faultfinder with my age. It were more sensible to take moderately from the abundant store which modern ingenuity has provided, and, having simplified my needs, devote myself to beautifying my inner life, and to making life about me more interesting and happy. For so I shall be forwarding civilization — by civilizing myself and those with whom I must come in contact, not by overloading myself with endless elaborations.

Possessions are good and delightful and necessary. But they are only good and delightful and necessary in so far as they minister to happiness. They cannot of themselves

give us happiness; they can only give the possibility of happiness and immunity from want. It is we ourselves who must distil from this immunity and possibility the honey of joy which we all desire.

Civilization does not reside in all those things which we give our lives so breathlessly to obtain; it is to be found in the hearts of our friends, in the thought and science and art of the day. And if the civilization of my time seem to me hard and mean and materialistic, the fault is probably in my own mind as much as in my neighbour's millions.

Business and Beauty

WE are told so constantly and so insistently that business is the chief concern of life that it almost comes to seem true. And, indeed, it is not altogether healthy, nor the mark of a strong man, always to be setting one's face against the drift and tendency of one's own time, — always to be a faultfinder, a prophet of ill, a censor, a petty cynic. It is better to temper such a critical spirit with something of the spirit of one's own time, if that time have in it anything at all of honesty, of vigour, of helpfulness.

It is well to think little of the boastful and ruthless industrialism which engulfs our life; it is well to look upon patriotism and find it only a second-rate virtue; it is well to detest

strife and war and vulgar commercial aggrandizement. And yet a man must have a poor spirit never to have loved his own country; never to have set his nerve to acquire some longed-for end, against odds and obstacles and disappointments and disastrous fate; and never to have desired for himself and his own a good meal and a soft bed.

There must surely have been few periods in history which could not have yielded something wholesome and inspiring to those who lived in them, and which cannot teach us even now strange and vigorous lessons in life. And the prime wisdom of to-day, as of every day of the world, is to perceive wherein its distinction and virtue lie, to mark its best characteristic, and to cultivate whatever of good it presents to us. Always and in all things to feel one's self out of accord with one's own time is as grave a fault as it would be for an apple to feel itself out of accord with its orchard, or for a frog to feel himself out of accord with his pool. It is admirable to have

mental detachment, and to be superior to the jolt and jargon of the days. It is folly to miss their sweetness, their strength, their far-seeing endurance, and the patient repose which underlies their distraction, their dissipation, their blind hurry.

Our judgment must be critical; our temperament must be appreciative. To cultivate the first to the exclusion of the second is to become a confirmed pessimist. To indulge the second to the exclusion of the first is to become a complacent and fatuous optimist. You have your choice between a pedant's hell and a fool's paradise. The wise man is he who sets himself to cultivate both faculties — the heart that always loves, the mind that is never deceived. Nor are they in the least inconsistent; for the more we know and understand, the more wonderfully can we love and enjoy; and the more we love and are glad, the better can we comprehend.

To know, to appreciate, and to do — this is perhaps the whole business of life. To know

the truth, to appreciate the best, to do what is beautiful is a threefold task that may well tax our most persistent and unflagging energies through however long a lifetime; and it would seem as if the whole effort of the universe were to make possible that consummation. If ever we approach it, we shall know by the test of happiness that we are near the enchanted ground, the garden of the gods, the fairy-land that actually exists.

Making all allowances, then, for the folly of the overcritical spirit, it still remains true that in criticism we must first of all be skeptical of things as they are, and to the last put forth all endeavour to learn where and why and how they are to be improved. It is the duty of the critical spirit not only to see things as they are, but to see them as they ought to be; just as it is the duty of the imaginative and creative spirit, not only to see them as they ought to be, but to bring them into accord with that more perfect arrangement. It is safe enough to say, therefore, that it is bad

for us to be given to self-laudation in criticism, and that the more severe arraignment we make of ourselves and our progress the better, so that our sight may be clear and our foresight touched with purpose.

Perhaps the most sweeping accusation that can be made against us as a people to-day is to say that we care overmuch for business and overlittle for beauty. It is an accusation which is painfully trite, but it is one that needs to be kept alive, none the less. For as we make toward the goal of material supremacy, we may be in danger, in ever-increasing danger, of missing the only goal of all ultimate supremacy, — the realization of a supreme manhood. Think of the increasing stress that is being laid upon wealth in the popular mind, calculated to debase its ideals, to confirm it in its errors, to make it content with its gross and brutalizing standards! Think of asking whether it is well for a business man to be college bred! Where does any one suppose the United States would be to-day if our fore-

fathers had thought it was just as well for a farmer or a blacksmith not to know how to read? Can any one look carefully at modern industrial enterprise (to say nothing of nobler activities of our day) and declare that it is not due to the democratizing of intelligence and education? If a college education unfits a man for business, then there is either something wrong with business or something wrong with the education. The truth is, probably, that there is something wrong with both. There certainly is something wrong with an education which attempts to cultivate a man's mind and body, without once perceiving any essential connection and interdependence between the two processes, and which omits all spiritual culture entirely. By spiritual culture I do not mean a training in morals; I mean a training and developing of a whole spiritual nature, which is the seat and origin of all creative energy, of all initiation, of imagination, of artistic impulse and activity. The average education is faulty

because it contents itself with enlarging the receptive faculties, powers of thought and reason and memory, and does nothing to enlarge the faculties of self-expression, of usefulness, of helpfulness, because it gives us a mass of knowledge and no instruction in the use of that knowledge; because it gives us gigantic muscles, but never tells us what to do with them. Just one-half of man's needs are forgotten, and instead of turning out men, we turn out pedants and football players, the one as useless as the other, and both an encumbrance to the community and to themselves. Certainly one would not wish to have the standard of scholarship lowered, or the number of scholars diminished; but, also, quite as certainly one would wish to have their increased powers directed and given self-control, and to have them balanced by a realization of the possibilities of life.

And the possibilities of life are certainly not limited to the exigent demands of business. Any man who is a " business man pure

and simple," as it is called, is just so much less a man. Just as a scholar who is nothing but a scholar, or an athlete who is nothing but an athlete, is just so much less a man.

If our enormously developing business demands more and more men who are merely specialists, and who must be trained from early boyhood to fit them for the severe competition, you may say, so much the better for business; but I say, so much the worse for the nation. Man does not live by bread alone now any more than he ever did. Less, indeed!

It is just as needful for a nation as for an individual to remember that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment. And a people that becomes forgetful of the delights of beauty is in danger of becoming forgetful of the delights of life. Captains of industry are useful members of society, for the time being at all events, but they are not more useful than captains of intellect or masters of an art. We must not let ourselves forget that. We must keep always in mind

the ideals of intelligence and culture and liberty whereto we were born; we must see to it that they are never tarnished by the breath of a too-evident prosperity. But all the while, of course, we must keep our ideals with a poised and serene mind, and confront their antagonists with refutation, not with disparagement. We shall have something to learn, even from a nation of ironmongers. And we should have much to teach them. It should be exemplified in our own conduct of life that beauty is not less important than business in the making of a people.

The Paths of Peace



It is the eve of the gladdest festival of the year, the day set apart as a memorial to that serene and beautiful Being whom his followers delight to call the Prince of Peace. So old and beloved is the holiday that the mere word Christmas itself is more rich in the aroma of kindly and moving associations than any effusion of yours or mine could be.

As children we innocently believed in the little round-bellied chimney god and the good persecuted Martyr of Calvary with equal reverence. He who filled our stockings with candy and toys and gilded baubles was quite as generous, and much more real, than He who guarded and loved our souls. In the early dark hours did we not wake up and stealthily feel each stocking toe-tip? And

were they not actually stuffed with the long-desired treasures? Could any proof be stronger? And then in a few years, as the cold suspicion of truth stole over the child mind like an autumn frost, and good St. Nick was discovered to be a myth, did we not silently try to perpetuate the crumbling dogma? That all his miraculous kindliness should be only the work of our parents, after all, was too sad to be believed. The frail tissue of fable on which we had so confidingly relied was far too lovely to be ruthlessly destroyed by any prosy fact; and there stole over our perception, I think, a sort of sadness at the disillusion, so that we would not willingly admit even to ourselves that the delightful and impossible children's paradise was at an end. It was, though; and in time we came to substitute an understanding human love of those who cared for us for the ruined fairy-tale of Santa Claus and his Christmas team. It was good to have something to take the place of that which we had lost.

There are many grown-up children who do not write letters to Santa Claus and post them in the empty fireplace any longer; who have discarded the doctrine of the fireside Christmas Eve divinity with much superiority; who would scorn to hang a stocking by their bed to-morrow night; who would scoff at the idea that it *might* be filled once again, if only they wished hard enough; and who none the less will go to their temples on Christmas Day with the unshaken hallucination that the Great Orderer of the universe is to be influenced by many solicitations. It may be so; it may be that this round world is ruled by some great cosmic Santa Claus who doles out blessings while we are unaware, and is swayed by the urgent supplications of his children. I have my doubts. I have a suspicion that this, too, is no more than a nursery tale, though a decent reverence for all ancient beauty makes us shrink from acknowledging the infatuation even to ourselves.

When the myth of the good St. Nicholas

had to be destroyed, in the interests of so-called education and truth, still there remained behind the poetic symbol, the solid though less attractive fact of human parental care and loving kindness. But when you take away the greater myth of the St. Nicholas for grown-ups, on what fact am I to rely? Is that, too, merely a symbol of human love and the kindliness of our own hearts? Among the marvels of science is that contrivance which from an elaborate sort of magic lantern casts moving and lifelike pictures upon a curtain for our edification. Is the matter of our destiny some such enormous shadow cast upon the curtain of the universe from the tiny luminous point of mortal soul? Still, how wonderful the mechanism must be! And who invented that?

Well, perhaps it is not important, after all. I am quite sure that our good friend from Nazareth would care very little how you explained him or the Father he talked about, so long as you cherished his teaching. We

have hardly come to that yet; we cannot practise universal love. But at least we can profess it. I suppose that is something.

Meanwhile, for this day and year, our festival of peace is rudely disturbed. Dream as we will of the spread of the kingdom of love, the old custom of bloodshed remains. We be Christians in name, but Jehovists and Norse pagans in reality. Who are the exponents of modern Christianity? The Anglo-Saxons. And now, at the dawn of the last year of nineteen Christian centuries, one branch of that dominant race is treading on a feeble Oriental people, while its sister branch is waging desperate war with a stubborn foe in Africa. Is this any better than a Roman or a Macedonian campaign? You say the English and the Americans have right on their side, and justice, and the good of the world? Yes, but how can love fight at all? Christ never resisted; he didn't believe in resistance. Probably he was in error. If not, how, then, can you justify your profession of

his doctrine while you are violating its letter and spirit?

It is the old dilemma; the battle is to the strong, and the strong are only made through battle; then how shall we preserve our integrity as men, and yet allow wars to cease? The law of life is that it shall live by strife; the life that ceases to strive dies of decay. Then, perhaps, we may eliminate hate without eliminating strife. It is said that the hunter does not hate the animal he kills — not always. Perhaps we shall some day actually come to love our enemies, as we were advised to do so long ago.

A Christmas Reverie

WHEN the first daring missionaries, full of zeal for the new creed, set forth from Rome to carry the glad tidings into old Britain, they found there a race just budding into civilization. They must have had much the same feeling toward the inhabitants of that far-off province that we find in ourselves toward the dwellers in Darkest Africa or the Islands of the Utmost Sea. Buoyed by an unquestioning faith, they went fearlessly forward to carry the Word, the only truth, to those who sat in impenetrable darkness, as it seemed to them. There could be no question in their mind as to the saving value of the new belief. They preached with conviction and warmth, because they believed with fervour and without

equivocation. And it would hardly occur to them to look for anything of good in the ancient earthly beliefs they were so eager to supplant. With that singleness of purpose, that persistency of sublime confidence to which nothing is denied, they went about their task with unquenchable ardour and decision. A mere handful of devoted souls at first, following the footsteps of the chosen Twelve to whom the Message was originally entrusted, they went cheerfully about the business of persuading the known world to their way of thinking. How well they succeeded, let modern civilization attest.

Let us never depreciate the power of so supreme a faith, a devotion so consuming and so noble; for that is the very spirit we need at all times, a spirit of hopeful belief in the ultimate triumph of ideals. But we have come at this end of time to look upon the earth and our own history with a more dispassioned eye, and to regard the events of our racial evolution with a certain mental detach-

ment, which we call the scientific spirit. And that is well, too; for we must have the absolute truth, at all costs, for our peace of mind, just as we need ultimate goodness for our peace of heart, and utmost beauty for our enjoyment of life. We have come to see in the outworn religions of the earth which Christianity has supplanted, not mere heathenish superstition, but the first crude efforts of the human soul, endeavouring to formulate its instincts for righteousness, its intuitions of the sublime, its inherent belief in a divine origin and outcome for all things. The beautiful gods of pagan Greece, whose cult has given to modern art and literature such an immeasurable stimulus; the pitiful gods of the Polar night; the subtle and still-living gods of the mysterious Orient; the lore of all these human creeds is not to be despised, but to be studied. Very likely they are inadequate in their conception of the universe, and unwise in many of their moral sanctions; still they stand there in testimony of man's

reach after the infinite. Pan and Vesta and Hanuman and the unrecorded divinities of outlandish tongues are neither hateful nor despicable, but only imperfect. They are, surely one must believe, partial revelations of the truer Truth, the better Goodness, the more imperishable Beauty.

So, too, we may be sure that the rude worship of our ancient fathers in the wilderness of Britain, little as we know of it, was not without lovely traits and touches of aspiration. Those watchers who gathered to see the sun rise over Stonehenge last midsummer day must have been impressed by a solemn regard for the old druidical faith which planted those monoliths in their significant ring, so that the great light of day at his summer solstice enters exactly through the door of that primitive temple. Not sun-worshippers, perhaps, but nature-worshippers our fathers must have been, when the new teaching came to them in their island fastnesses. In the names Yule and Easter,

marking certain pagan festivals of nature, vague records of these Northern religions come down to us, and upon the dates of those festivals other festivals of the Christian cult were grafted. So that when we celebrate our winter holiday, we are not merely keeping the memorial of Christ's nativity, but, all unconsciously, are following the immemorial rites of an earlier custom, strange and barbarous, yet natural, after all.

In the story of all peoples there will be things too far off to be remembered save in the most shadowy tradition. The worship of Linus or Adonis among the earliest Greeks is surrounded with impenetrable mystery. It had changed and been lost before the time of records began; but we know it was somehow typical of the changing seasons, the pulse of life and death through the revolving year. We may fancy, in the same way, that the most elemental facts of nature, the waxing and waning of the days from summer to winter, the perishing of the year at autumn and its

revival in spring, would be the first to be celebrated in forms of worship among a people so dependent on the favour of the sun. They would see in the great luminary, if not a divinity, at least a direct administration of the Divine Mind. And, as it passed in its huge pendular swing from solstice to solstice, from the long days of an English June to the brief and reluctant hours of the shortest day of winter, they would feel their dependence on the Unknown, their need of a beneficent Providence, their pleasure in abundant warmth, their shrinking at the pinch of cold, and their helplessness before the vagaries of every season's vicissitudes. The winds and rains of spring, with the returning birds in the forest; the heats of summer setting all the land at leisure; the ripening of fruits in autumn; these things would make their hearts unfold. The generous year would enter their blood to mitigate the darker strain of human sorrow and inexplicable death. They would grasp quickly at the poetic analogy between

the life of man and the life of nature through the season's progress. Seeing all nature die down and revive, they would eagerly guess at a future for the soul, an eternal spring-time supervening upon the autumn of mortality.

The feast of Yule, we may guess, was one of merrymaking, because then the year was at its bitterest, hope apparently at the last ebb with the ebbing sun, and men, therefore, driven indoors for intercourse and entertainment. For frost, in moderation, is a great civilizer, necessitating the home and the fireside. It is difficult to play the vagrant in a country where you cannot sleep under the stars, but must have a rooftree above you and a fire to keep you from perishing. It is in cold countries that men's energies are knit up to the point of accomplishment, and their physique tempered and hardened to endurance. Cold that congeals the ground and the running streams, consolidates men, too, and favours that concerted action which is the

beginning of civic liberty and free institutions. In a land of rigorous climate men are accustomed to struggle. Their life from day to day is an unremitting warfare with the elements, and breeds in them fortitude, endurance, resourcefulness, and a light-hearted eagerness to cope with difficulty. The north wind, whipping about their ears, stings the blood to the cheek, stirring courage from the bottom of the heart at the same time; and those happiest zones, where nature is neither so bountiful as to encourage idleness, nor so bitter as to discourage and stultify growth, give us our best of humanity.

In such a country men attain a certain poise of mind, not too sober nor yet too frivolous, and come to look upon the world with discretion, with serenity, with temperate joy. Their intimate life is infused with a tincture of natural piety, unaffected and wholesome. And whatever revealed religion (as it is called) is imported to their shores must be coloured and modified by the original tem-

perament of the race. So that old traditions and customs and superstitions and habits of thought are found surviving amid the pure doctrines of newer belief, as blackened stumps survive a forest fire to be found long afterward, when the young green is tall and luxuriant all about them.

In every Christian land there are customs and tales and scraps of folk-lore, held in popular regard, which are not quite believed, perhaps, but which are kept alive in memory none the less. They are surviving remnants of creeds which once had a religious value and now retain no more than a sentiment of their former sanction. They may once have been obligatory as a duty, a votive commemoration, an expiatory offering; but their earlier use is forgotten and we cannot tell why we observe them any more, — so tenacious are we of forms and ceremonies, so oblivious of spiritual origins. We hang up our childish stockings for the good little saint to fill with gifts and gewgaws, or we stick a spray of

mistletoe in the chandelier — a dare to bashful youth — and never guess how came these customs nor what they may once have signified. So there linger about all the festivals of the Church — Christmas, St. John's Eve in midsummer, of Hallowe'en — legends and simple rites, which are lightly held memorials of some older faith, once, perhaps, significant and stupendous. For religion is not only from above but from below (if we may permit ourselves to use that manner of speech), not only the living Word sent down to us from the clear skies, as we are apt to fancy, but the whisper breathed from the ground as well. Whether natural or revealed, the source of our religious aspirations is the same. The eternal spirit utters itself obscurely in the dark hearts of heathen kings, or speaks in articulate clear words through the radiant minds of chosen seers and glowing young prophets, with equal authority. The same spirit of truthfulness, desiring only that beautiful goodness should be accomplished on the

earth, whispered in the ear of Buddha, dwelt with the aged John in Patmos, was a law of righteousness to the King Poet of Israel, spoke in accents threatening as thunder at the shrine of Delphi, and makes itself heard at a hundred unknown altars in the far corners of the earth to-day. For there are not a thousand such, but only One, though the inventive mind of man has imagined a thousand forms in which He has been supposed to reside. His true residence, all the while, has been neither at Paphos nor Cumæ nor upon Sinai, but in the human heart, — in the house of the soul.

A Christmas meditation for many of us must partake of the character of a philosophic or poetic reverie, rather than of religious exaltation. The touch of the supernatural has disappeared; but that does not mean that the feeling of wonder has vanished; it only means that the sentiment of worship is more natural than ever. If we cannot feel the awe and terror of a personal Supervisor of the uni-

verse, as in our childhood, we can feel much more certainly and definitely the presence of an unmeasured Power within ourselves, more real and beneficent than the Deity of our infant fancy.

It was said that in a certain house there are many mansions; and I cannot help believing that hospitable edifice is designed to shelter the unbeliever as well as the believer. Indeed, I cannot imagine such a creature as an unbeliever, though many there be (and excellent souls, too) who subscribe to none of the tenets of established creeds. I must leave to others the expounding of Christian doctrine as upheld by this church or that with so much vigour and confidence, and content myself with the modest irresponsible task of looking upon the teaching of the Man of Nazareth, his life and work, with the innocent eye of a bystander. Had I all the learning of the ancients and moderns, I fear I should never have the temerity to be a preacher, — to offer to others as sure and in-

dubitable fact what is in its essence so changing and volatile and dependent upon personal sentiment. For my part, I would rather have the simplest moral reflection from an old woodsman or a young scholar, whose life was clean and whose mind was free, than all the gravest homilies of bishops, hedged by tradition and restricted by instituted authority. Is the breath of God less free than the sweet wind of heaven? or is it less likely to form itself into an unmistakable message to you or me than it was to call to the saints of old? The great ones of all time, whose august names inspire us still, whose philosophy forms the basis of our common wisdom about life, were born to no greater possibility of inspiration than those children dancing in the street below. Whatever our fund of inspired revelation, we are awaiting other revelations fresher still. The story of the world is not finished. There are other years to come, other centuries, other peoples, and civilizations unimagined. Will they, think you, lack their

poets and philosophers and prophets? The last word of inspiration has not been uttered, nor will it be, until the last man's lips are still.

It was the habit of our Puritan progenitors to discountenance the merrymaking of old England, and only to lay stress on the purely spiritual side of life. Old customs savoured to them of ungodliness, and they must have only the soberest truth at all times. Our more liberal tenor of mind allows us to revert to many of the old usages which were discarded by those stern New Englanders, and we incline to make merry with as hearty a good-will as our forefathers used before Puritanism was heard of. Without at all discrediting the austere creed, we may be glad that its extreme rigour has been mitigated with much of the old spirit of joviality. For joy and light-hearted mirth are not heathenish, but truly of the essence of the religion of love, which we profess. It is only logical, too, that the generous promptings of the heart

should find vent and freedom and play, that kindly thoughts should express themselves in kind deeds. Moreover, the good deed induces better thoughts, and through the custom of charity we are insensibly led to charitable tenderness of heart.

We may be glad, then, of the outward and visible signs of Christmas, and never fear they will impair its inward and spiritual grace. I like to have in mind all the old pagan piety attaching to this Festival of The Shortest Day, as well as the better and braver sentiments which Christianity gave to it. Surely there is no need to cast aside any pleasant and innocent scrap of ancient faith as vicious, simply because we need it no more. Superstition is only faith out of date; and is only bad because it is antiquated, and because, if we hold it, it interferes with knowledge. A little harmless superstition (so long as we do not actually believe in it) often lends charm to our faith, as a smile may soften a strong face; and many quaint observances

may be kept alive to add grace to our too monotonous life. When it comes to the veritable spirit of the Christmas season, what are we to say? We may leave all the theological pronunciamentos, which the churches have repeated so often, to be repeated once again from desk and pulpit, and yet have our own thoughts on Christmas quite beyond the pale of authority. No amount of fine logic nor thunderous oratory can shake my quiet soul from its own convictions. Very likely you and I, my friend, shall have to find ourselves in the position of onlookers in the church on Christmas Day, if indeed we cross the threshold. But for all that, we need not count ourselves unbelievers. It behooves us to stand for our right to be numbered among the faithful, though we subscribe to no single tenet of orthodoxy. Truth and goodness are not natural monopolies, but are free as light and air. They form the wholesome atmosphere of an intellectual and moral being. Shall I pay toll for a breath of the sweet wind of

heaven, or enjoy the sunlight only at another man's pleasure? No more will I receive without question any man's idea of the truth or beauty or goodness, though I will hear all gladly. The truth that comes to me over the pulpit rail must be perverted indeed, if it cannot stand this test, if it dare not take its chances with my reason. This is the attitude of our modern world toward religion. The mistake we make is in thinking it a dangerous attitude. Surely the soul of man is the only tabernacle of the veritable God. The sense of living humanity as to what is true, what is good, what is beautiful to see, is the only sanction for belief. You and I, standing outside the reach of an obsolete authority, believe and cherish the words of the Sermon on the Mount not because Christ uttered them, but because in our inmost being we cannot help assenting to their lofty truth. It is a mark of truth that it must win our belief in the long run; it is a mark of goodness that it must command our love; just as it is a mark

of beauty that it must arouse our admiration. So that the sublime teachings of Christianity are quite secure, without all the artificial sanctions with which men have invested them. They only need to be separated from superstition, to appeal to us with all their charm and power. Think what a stir any one of the four Gospels would make if it could be published to-morrow for the first time. Would we not at once receive it with eagerness, and set it among our treasured books? "More sublime than Emerson," we would say — "More subtle than Maeterlinck." And I believe it is only when we approach the words of Christ with just such an open mind and expectant spirit that we perceive their beauty and truth to the fullest.

But see, how in all this overcareful considering of the matter we miss the very germ of the gospel, which is the spirit of love. We worry ourselves over forms and patterns of conduct; we strain our logic to find out the truth; our sensitive and scrupulous mind

will be satisfied with nothing less than exact science; we give our days and nights to lay up knowledge; we shed rivers of blood for this creed or that dogma; and all the while the greater truth, the spiritual kernel of life, lies by the roadside waiting to be picked up. You think love an easy matter, and the Golden Rule the simplest of moral laws? Reflect that men, with all their good intentions, have never been able to make love the lodestar of the world for a single day of its history. It is the distinction of Christ's teaching that he offered us a rule of conduct which still remains approachable but unrealized, drawing our fullest assent to its impracticable sublimity. And why impractical? Only because of our lack of courage. No man dares square his action according to his most generous impulse, for fear his neighbour will get the better of him. So that our whole system of civilization is infected with this sordid poltroonery, and we continue in a state of distrust and social strife, divorcing our faith from our life.

Knowing in our hearts the goodliness of love, the efficacy of kindness, we still carry on the concerns of life with a cowardly disregard to our ideals and aspirations.

The more welcome, then, is this greatest of all festivals, when we commemorate the birth of the Master whose life still stands as the most eminent reproof to our timidity and self-seeking. Once a year, at least, we are put in mind of the Better Way, the way of the glad heart, the open hand, the unsuspicious mind. You say that no business could be successfully conducted on Christian principles, under modern conditions? Then let us do without business. You say that cities could not thrive, nor nations grow, nor individuals prosper in an age of strenuous competition, if they attempted to abide by the law of love? Then let us do without prosperity.

The fact remains that all our contrivances for outward reformation of institutions are but futile tinkering with the body of society,

when it is the soul of man that needs attention. A little more honesty, a little more love, a little more courage, a little more kindliness and gentleness and helpful generosity in the heart of average men and women, — these are more important than the passage of a thousand laws or the instituting of any new schemes of social betterment. Love is an old, old remedy for the unhappy plight of the world. The curious thing is that, while we all profess to believe in its efficacy, we cannot summon up enough resolution to put it to the test. It has never been thoroughly tried yet; for most of our attempts, though some of them have been brave enough, have been but half-hearted.

Suppose we try to carry a little of the Christmas elation over into the New Year. Suppose we try to make the new year a little less heathenish, a little less full of cruelty and noise and terror and greed, a little less absurdly at variance with all our professions of religion than most of these nineteen

hundred years have been! The Golden Age is never far away, but is only waiting until we adopt the Golden Law, to return with gladness among men.

Saint Valentine



It is cold in the North in February. On the other side of the forty-ninth parallel the snow comes from a gray and silent heaven about the latter part of November, and after that we do not see the earth again until April. There are days of brilliant sun, and nights of marvellous moonlight, of dazzling white and muffled evergreen, but, although the grip of frost may be relaxed for a few days, his hold upon the land is not altogether loosened until the migrating birds come back and the year is past the equinox. In all these five months of snow you will never once set foot on the bare ground.

And yet these winter days are not all alike. The progress of the gray season has been

gradual; the oncoming season of leaves is gradual, too. It is a period of ebb in the tide of time, but there is a certain point, a certain date, in that period, when the outgoing currents of warmth and light and summer cease to diminish, and begin slowly to return. All through December and January the sombre world seems to have forgotten the wonder of June and the bravery of October, and to have settled sullenly down to endurance. Then on a certain day the ebbing tide seems to halt and turn. The aspect of earth and sky is different, brighter, larger, bluer. And we say in our hearts, "There is hope once more, and by and by it will be spring!" This day, I have noticed, this birthday of the natural year, falls about the eighth or tenth of February.

An old custom has pitched upon the feast of St. Valentine as the festival of first love, and made him, willing or unwilling, the patron saint of youthful ardours. Popular supposition, which knows little of the true ori-

gins of our immemorial habits and traditional observances, says that Valentine's day was chosen because it happened to fall about the time of the mating of birds, and was therefore an appropriate date for celebrating the first choice of the human lover, — the awakening of innocence at the touch of desire. The truth is, we know very little of these racial usages which have been passed on to us from remote antiquity; we can only guess that they must have had their beginnings as sacred rites, commemorating this or that essential need or joy of the mysterious heart of man. In no other way could they have attained so unbreakable a hold upon us, surviving as living traditions even in our own incredulous age. They are often not sanctioned by the simpler and more austerely spiritual religion which Christianity inculcates, and have nothing to do with its gracious ministrations. They are merely survivals from old pagan forms of worship, beautiful and significant, but long since fallen into

desuetude, and ineffectual for our modern wants. They have no actual sway over the mind, and yet we allow them to live on among our children with an easy tolerance, as if the race remembered its own childhood and smiled at the memory.

Of the good Valentine, whose patronage we make so light of in our pleasantries, not much is known, and nothing at all that would justify his choice as the especial guardian of adolescence and successor of Cupid. The sainted man was a priest and bishop of Rome during the Claudian persecutions in the third century. In those strenuous times they made short work of any who demurred at authority or ventured down the alluring alleys of novelty in religion. Valentine, like so many others of a nameless and unnumbered multitude, was thrown into prison for the faith that possessed him; and like them he gave up the breath of life most cheerfully in exchange for his stubborn predilections, yielding his body to be martyred with clubs. The only other

tradition of him declares that, while in jail, he cured his keeper's daughter of blindness.

In this scanty record of a devoted follower of the new faith there is no hint of worldliness or loverlike infatuation. Easily as one might build a romance about the incident of his jailor's daughter, there would be no foundation for the story. To make of her another Heloise, and of him a second (or rather a first) Abelard, might be a pretty pastime for an idle fancy, but it would be a fabrication without the tissue of truth. We must look elsewhere for a reason for St. Valentine's election to the patronage of love, and we shall find it in the most unexpected place. There is no glamour about it, so far as Valentine is concerned, poor fellow. I almost feel sorry that he must be robbed of any umbrage of romance, and I can imagine that he himself in the realms of innocence may have learned to look with tolerant regard on his own unearned repute, now so many centuries old, as the saint of lovers.

To be the protector of sweethearts must surely add a sweetness to life even in the heavenly dominions of bliss, and when one has long since been divorced from all enchanting earthly inclinations. Whether there be any traces of our mortal desires, so pure in their origin, so blameless in their passionate aspiration, still lingering about our beings in that future state, I do not know. But unless all human companionships are done away, all resemblance to our human happinesss superseded by some unguessed and unimaginable kind of beatitude, there must surely lurk in the heart of Valentine, bishop and martyr, sentiments of generosity, of pity, of kindliness, for all the hopes and agonies of mortal lovers. All the pretty observances done in his name must come to his blessed cognizance much as premonitions and feelings (as we call them) come to ourselves, here in the meshes of our gross incarnation, only more potently and vividly than here. If it moves our human hearts to think upon the joys and trials of

lovers in their first infatuation, how much more must it move the sympathy of one who is now all sympathy, — the solicitude of one whose kindly impulses are no longer parcelled and distracted and obscured by the clamourings of a bodily existence! If prayers be efficacious and the departed are permitted to be at all aware of the progress of earthly affairs, then I doubt not the good Valentine has cheerfully accepted the duty laid upon him by our implicit trust. So unflinching a martyr to the ideal could never find it in his heart to disregard our confidence in his power. He would feel, I am sure, almost as truly bound to respond to the caprice of fortune which has made him the vicar of love, as he did to assent to the destiny which made him vicar of Rome. I would as soon think of distrusting him as I would St. Anthony of Padua, who guards our journeys and recovers what is lost. But how came Valentine into his unsought spiritual dominion?

In early times, before the coming of the

Christians, the Romans were accustomed to hold their midwinter Lupercalia, or celebration, in honour of Pan. Among other ceremonies observed at this festival was a certain rite wherein the names of young women were drawn by lot by the young men. To the overseers of the early Christian Church fell the task of attempting to eradicate the tenacious doctrines and customs of heathendom. Often they were wise enough to resort to gradual methods of reform, and in the case of the Lupercalia they managed to substitute the names of saints for those of women. Each participant in the lottery would thus find himself under the protection of a certain saint, as his lot happened to be drawn. The older usage, however, was the more interesting, and we cannot believe that the saints held precedence over the ladies for very long. Old customs are not easily discredited, and human nature is not to be etherealized offhand by any theology. Many centuries later the old superstition was still alive, surviving from

the ceremonies of the Lupercalia, and St. Francis de Sales tried to inhibit the use of valentines.

Still the benighted custom would not be downed, and English literature for centuries is full of rhymes and verses for St. Valentine's Day. Drayton, the Elizabethan, for example, writes:

"Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
The day's Saint Valentine's.

"For that good bishop's sake
Get up, and let us see
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns."

As if chance had not already too large a share in our precarious destiny, we must invoke its gratuitous interference! Would you not suppose that men would be too discouraged at the grand lottery of life to invent any game still more haphazardous or entrust their

destinies to the turn of a ballot? Surely it is perilous enough to make choice in love when caution and judgment are enlisted in the cause! Must we imperil our happiness and stake our future on a chance meeting of a certain frosty morning in February? "Nay," says the wisdom of the ages, "ye are already in the hands of fate. Your most carefully considered choice is already enmeshed by unseen conditions, and your freedom only runs the length of the leash of destiny." So it is. We grow infatuated with danger and court peril with a cheerful daring, as venturesome boys grow familiar with firecrackers on the Fourth of July, or skim over the thin ice with a breathless speed, flouting courage in the face of catastrophe.

What the exact rites of the Lupercalia were is a matter of guesswork for the most part, and Pan, they say, is dead. The power of Valentine, too, is passing away with other old customs and credences. The new faith obliterated the old feasts from the calendar by

overwriting them with novel names. Our enlightenment and rationalism are like to erase them altogether. Neither Pan nor Valentine can survive the spread of the scientific spirit; but, having returned all things to reason, may we not find the world a very gray, monotonous place of few joys and fewer hopes? Life is not wholly reasonable, after all, and it must surely be the greatest folly to fancy we can make it so. It is to be enjoyed as well as to be studied and understood, — to be taken with a thankful heart and not always probed for a meaning. Therefore, if there is an unregenerate strain in you that insists on still believing in old Lupercus of the wild woods, may you have the reward of your belief! And if you are pleased to render observance to times and seasons, and count St. Valentine a personage, who shall prove you mistaken?

We ourselves are less ceremonious, less given to manners and trivial elegances, even less polite than our sires. The forfeits and

gifts which Valentine's day used to impose are no longer in vogue; yet we cannot quite escape the sentiment of the feast. As in so many instances, we may impart new interpretations to old forms. Is not life itself as we have to live it merely the art of expressing ourselves in fresh ways in the old customs already at hand? All our daily avocations may be as trite as the alphabet itself; it is always possible to rearrange them in new and alluring and articulate combinations.

The day of St. Valentine may well stand, even for us common, sensible folk, for the festival of friends and lovers. On this morning when first the reviving sun comes back to gray streets and snowy fields, we may well encourage tender thoughts, — resolve and hope and aspire. The touch of the warm sunlight on our shoulder may well seem like a hint to bestir ourselves about the greatest business of the universe, the old, engrossing, imperishable, never-ended affair of love. It will remind us of the perennial goodness of

living, the unaging wholesomeness of earth, the fond yet delightful infatuations of the world, and all the entrancing possibilities which lie hidden in the path of adventure. Tainted with the madness of the lover, we may even embrace that supremest of human follies, the delusion that heights of excellence, of unselfishness, of kindness, and devotion have never yet been exemplified as we shall practise them. Is not that a generous aspiration worth experiencing, even though we should not realize a tenth of it? Will you not join the light but not frivolous band of St. Valentine's followers, bethink you of your youth to-day with all its radiant expectations, and resolve to make some one more happy by your love? It may be a sweetheart or a child or an old lady; love is good for everybody; and it is good for us to love, for in loving we are only giving free play to the soul in its natural occupation. Make your vows on St. Valentine's morn, gentlemen and friends! I promise you great joy from

their fulfilment. You may not be able to keep them with all the nobility of intention in which they are made, but in the effort there will be exaltation and sober gain. For one day more the youthful poet within you may walk the earth in gay supremacy, to better this life for the beloved with a gift of verses or violets and renewals of gentle friendship. See to it that some fresh joy takes up its lodging in the heart of the little friend, and sorrow and weariness and disappointment be turned from her door. Take care that laughter comes back to her lips and the flush of delight to her cheeks, for perhaps you have been a neglectful Valentine, and your vows sadly need to be renewed. Be not ashamed, therefore, of the fanatical enthusiasms of love, and make your penance for sins of negligence, of thoughtlessness, of unkindness, preparatory to the golden hours of spring.

For on St. Valentine's morning, if you will take my word for it, our venerable Mother Nature goes to her closet and takes

down her green cloak, which before many weeks she will resume for the festivals of April. Had we not better look over our own wardrobe of the heart, also? The dust of familiarity and the moth of doubt play sad havoc with the soul's garment of love. And when the appointed day arrives, and the feast of Spring-time is instituted once more, — when the sap comes back to the hills, and the madness of love to the heart of man, — we must not be found unprepared. Every heart must have in readiness its scarlet tunic and its golden coat, for how more appropriately can it be clothed than with love and joy?

The March Hare's Madness

PERHAPS one of the maddest things in a mad world is to inquire the cause of madness, just as it seems to be one of the requisites of happiness that we should not set our heart upon it. The Angel of Life is evasive, reticent, not to be cornered, yet abounding in generous revelations of the truth upon occasion; and that mortal is likely to learn most about the mysteries of being who does not pry into them too industriously. Curiosity is the fundamental passion of the mind, and to satisfy curiosity with knowledge is one of the three great sources of happiness. At the same time it is forbidden to know everything. At least this is so for the time being, whatever

may be permitted to human investigation in some future age.

And so, whether it is hatters or March hares, we know very little about the madness of either. Each has become a byword in proverbial speech, and we make a simile of his erratic fortune without a second thought. How sad to be a name and nothing more in the mouth of one's fellows! Yet I have no doubt the hatter is as indifferent to his repute as the hare, even perhaps a little proud of his peculiarity. So frail is moral nature, it is boastful even of its blemishes when they lend it a little distinction and draw the eye of the crowd. One can very well fancy the complacency of the hatter under his visitation, how he would turn it to good account and make a profitable investment of his affliction. He would be a sorry tradesman who could not manage to secure some slight advantage in dealing with destiny and come out at last on the right side of his reckoning with Providence. Was ever the madness of a hat-

ter so complete his commercial instinct could not prevail against it? Is there not always a residuum of sanity at the bottom of his mania, a trace of shrewd calculation concealed under the guise of his feckless innocence? The madness of the hatter is the wisdom of the serpent, seemingly guileless yet profoundly subtle and sardonic.

Now the March hare is in a very different case. His folly is the folly of a child, his madness the madness of ecstasy, of elation, of transport. He is a visionary and partakes of the rapture of lovers and prophets and bards. He is possessed and carried out of himself. He is akin to the oracular priestess of Delphi and the Vestals, whose care it was to cherish the sacred flame of their goddess. He may be the least of all the creatures who suffer this form of madness, but his tenure of the divine possession is none the less authentic. The burden of joy laid upon his spirit is excessive, and an unhinging of his balance has supervened. He is mad because he loves too

greatly, whereas the hatter is mad because he knows too much. Saul and Hamlet were mad as hatters, through an excess of knowledge vouchsafed to them. Blake and Shelley and many another mystic were mad as March hares, by reason of the too great stress of inspiration laid upon them. In the one case the dementia is a malady of the mind, in the other it is an affection of the spirit; though, tried by the standard of sober sense, they are all mad together.

With something of the March hare's own folly, I spent a day in a library trying to find out the meaning of his madness, its cause and scope, or how it came into our proverbial lore. Of course, the search was futile, and I only found out several things I was not looking for. One quotation, however, seemed pleasant enough to remember. Drayton in his "Nymphidia" says that Oberon

> "Grew mad as any hare,
> When he had sought each place with care,
> And found the queen was missing."

I daresay that is the gist of the matter, for the best of the cyclopædists took refuge in the bare statement that hares are particularly wild during the mating season in March. So the madness of our little brother with the long ears is only the erratic behaviour of a lover, after all, and we must sympathize with him in his happy derangement. Who will say there is any joy in the world comparable to that irresponsible state of election, when the kind gods have marked us for their own, and bestowed on us the favour of their rapturous life for one spring day? Is it any wonder the hare should be full of quirks and starts, of aimless chasing to and fro, of dashing here and halting there without rhyme or reason? Could one expect so frail and sensitive a being to support so great a burden of ecstasy and still be undistracted, poised, and sane? Is it not rather a marvel he has a spark of reason left? Most men and women have been lovers, too, in their day, and unless memory can be wholly blighted by time, should know

how to feel for their little friend in his March wildness:

> "For that is the madness of Ishtar,
> Which comes upon earth in spring."

It is easy to identify Easter, the ancient goddess of the spring wind and the southwest rain, with Ishtar or Astarte, the deity of love who was worshipped with dark rites in Asia, passed into the purer religion of Hellas as Aphrodite, and survives as April, the mother of the new-ploughed field and swelling seed. The soft wind from the south is her immortal breath; her garment is the mist of purple rain; the opening windflower and blood-root and hepatica betray where her foot has passed; she touches the wild cherry with her hand as she journeys, and the woodlands are filled with the fragrance of its breaking bloom. In the bitter North, when the rivers are loosened from their long imprisonment and go sparkling to the sea, when the streams of melting snow babble to the stars in

> "The hopeful, solemn, many-murmured night,"

that, too, is the work of the great spring goddess, while in the hearts of all mortal creatures she works a no less miraculous resurgence. It is she who brings back the purple swallow at the appointed day, and whispers the time of year to the flame-bright crocus under the mold. It is she also who puts mad fancies into the heads of imperial lovers and wild March hares. For before her not only is no distinction of persons, but the "flower in the crannied wall," the hunter on the trail, the small green frog in the marsh, and the proud prince in his palace are equal in her eyes. It is she also who presides over the unmitigated ardours of earth, and delights in the splendid longings, the impassioned desires, the impossible romantic aspirations of human hearts. It was her madness which came upon Leander and sent him to swim the Hellespont to his death, for the sake of a girl's kiss.

For no weightier reason, how many a man has gone to his doom in the glad, fragrant

hours of some lengthened twilight of spring, with the green pipes of the frogs sounding in the meadows, and the still, small magic flute of desire answering in his breast! Over the hills or beyond the sea dwelt the remembered shape of beauty, beckoned the vision of alluring loveliness, echoed the silver sound of irresistible laughter, and he could do nothing but follow the old irremediable path of destiny and joy. Let prudence lay up saws and experience inculcate caution as they will; it is not in the nature of love to count the cost. Youth knows a better wisdom in the infatuated gladness of the lover, and those whom the gods love die without ever being disillusioned. Crazy in the sight of the world, they go to their graves with no care upon their brow, unreluctant to the last. Of a metal too fine to be tarnished by the corrosive air of life, they pass in charmed immunity through the scurvy environments of struggle and selfishness and greed, childlike, instinctive, single-hearted, guided for ever by the divine insanity.

It is not only in the tender pursuits of youth that the inescapable March madness reveals itself. It is made patent in all the undertakings of men. Wherever there is a touch of the visionary and the extreme there are its symptoms appearing. We may be sober, diligent, God-fearing, impeccable, stanch as churchwardens, and dependable as a stone wall, yet make no more than a decent demise after all. For all our sedulous anxiety to keep the Commandments, we may go down to the pit with none to grieve above us. The local paper may give us a stickful of perfunctory eulogy, our possessions will be scattered among our relatives, and the sum total of the matter is not much more than a name and two dates on a headstone under a sighing willow. Of such is the kingdom of the world. It is all very well and very right and very necessary, but alone it is not enough. You will find that whenever a man is remembered and beloved beyond the day of his great departure, there has been a touch of the unusual and ex-

travagant about him in some direction. However commonplace he may have seemed for the most part, it will turn out that those who knew him best were acquainted with exaggerated and unusual traits in his character, vagaries, and predilections out of the ordinary, generous promptings of self-forgetful folly, which endeared him to them more than all his unwavering rectitude. For it is not what we expect of people that makes us love them, but their unasked, unrequited, and lavish actions. The soul is not happy in exactitude, but loves the overbrimming measure. The mean and calculating wisdom of the market-place is abhorrent to it, and the wasteful, splendid, unstinted dealings of Nature are the only method it knows. Who ever heard of keeping a tally in friendship, or doing a kindness for the sake of gain? Surely that were the very embodiment of blasphemy against the spirit of love! Yet that is the custom of traders and politicians and moneylenders and all the sleek complacency that

rules the world. Alas for them! They despise the unsuspecting gentleness of Utopian dreamers, they have cast out all childish and impractical faith from their mind, and have made themselves lords of their fellow men, only to lose the greatest of all treasures at last, — a radiant spirit and a contented heart.

We aver glibly enough that aberration always goes with genius, but we make a mistake when we expect genius to exist without aberration. Nature progresses steadily but unevenly, here a little and there a little, now at one point, now at another. It is the very height of her intention to produce a perfect individual, to embody the beauty of the normal in the single instance. Toward this ideal she is always tending, yet how seldom she seems to attain it, even remotely! The impossible hopes and aims of the altruist make him peculiar, — make him a variant from the average type of man. Any great capacity in one direction or another, which we call genius and hold to be a kind of inspiration, makes

its possessor conspicuous. It does not make him abnormal, for that is the one direction in which he is permitted to approach the normal a little more closely. If he were allowed to approach it in all directions, — if he could have strength of body and power of mind, for instance, commensurate with his noble longings and imaginings, — the creature of genius would be human no longer, but divine. And it is not permitted any one mortal to run so far ahead in the great procession.

It does not need any philosophy, however, to appreciate the March hare's enthusiasm. We all know how the feeling of young spring takes hold of him, when the sappy buds begin to swell and the sleeping rivers begin to murmur in their icy dungeons. We, too, have our seizures of restlessness, our longings to wander, our admonitions of splendid discontent, when the sun passes the equator and the hours of sunshine lengthen toward the season of flowers. For us also routine becomes irksome and common sense the only delusion.

It is the time for rejuvenation upon the earth, when age looks on youth with an envious eye, and the soberest beef-eater among us is wont to put by his accustomed habit of prudence for the gayer garb of some more reckless virtue. It is not enough to be sound citizens, forsooth, and scrupulous upholders of things as they are; we must revert to the days of our pupilage and taste once more the intoxicating savour of romance. Perhaps we have accumulated an enviable store of worldly wisdom, venerable with the dust of time, and are hoarding it against ravages of age. Of no avail is our fatuous precaution. The first breath of spring wind blows it all away, and we go merrily forth upon the great adventure as empty-handed and daring as when we first began. It may be hard to learn instruction from our elders; it is a hundred times harder to forget the counsels of our own youth. The heart's great by-laws of intrepidity and hope need neither to be written nor taught; they were promulgated long be-

fore our puny civilizations were dreamed of, and they will guide many generations when our hands have let go of all temporal affairs. The forethought of the ant may be a sufficient providence against the perils of winter, but we must have a touch of the March madness of the hare if we would come happily through the round year. It is not enough to avoid disaster and penury and mischance; the stones of the field accomplish that better than we. We needs must have "a bliss to die with, dim descried," if we would save ourselves from the consciousness of ultimate failure. You may very well think to get yourself through the inexorable portals of heaven under the patronage of Socrates and Newton and the Lord of Verulam, of the seven wise men of Greece and the seventy wise men of modern days. But, pray, were they not all mad together? Let me take my modest chance with the timorous March hare.

THE END.

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